

SEPTEMBER, 1921

# THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

The Eldest Devotion in the Church -

Hubert Cunningham, C. P.

Retreats and the Lay Apostolate - Edward W. Joyce

Standardization in the Moral World -

Mark Moeslein, C. P.

In the Ruins Above Chinon - Edith Staniforth

Conditions for a Valid Marriage

Maria

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of the

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THE SIGN

West Hoboken

New Jersey



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THE MANAGING EDITOR  
THE SIGN

West Hoboken, New Jersey

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# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1921

No. 2

## The Eldest Devotion of the Church

HUBERT CUNNINGHAM, C. P.

THE mystery of the Passion of Jesus Christ is all-embracing in its scope. It involves every grief, pain and sorrow, mental, moral and physical, endured by Christ from the first instant of His Incarnation to the last moment of His mortal life on the Cross. The cries and tears of the frail little Babe, the poverty and want and loneliness of the growing Boy, the hard toilings of the young Man, the weariness, neglect and calumny borne by the divine Missionary during His three years of public life—all these, as well as the scourgings and the lashings, the thorns and the nails, which were suffered by the innocent Victim, form an integral part of the mystery of the Passion of Jesus Christ. The Passion of Christ means the sufferings of Christ, and since the sufferings of Christ run all through His life, so the life and Passion of our divine Lord can be said to be coterminous.

The Passion of Christ, however, has received a more definite or restricted meaning than this: the word Passion is applied to the last hours of the Savior's earthly life, and in this narrower sense it has been universally accepted by the Church.

But the ill-instructed Catholic is too often disposed to contract the meaning of the Passion overmuch by referring it only to Our Savior's Crucifixion and Death. This, of course, is erroneous. The specific term, Passion of Jesus Christ, comprises the sum-total of the intense sorrows and brutal cruelties which began in the Garden of Gethsemane on Holy Thursday Night and which steadily multiplied upon

His divine Person during the eighteen torturing hours preceding His expiration upon the Cross.

This consecrated word—'Passion'—was first given to the sufferings of Jesus by the inspired pen of St. Luke in the passage: "to the Apostles Jesus showed himself alive after His Passion." Here the sole meaning that can be given to the corresponding original Greek wording is that which we have last described. The word *passion* in Greek means a great misfortune, a personal calamity, or a condition of intense suffering; and so the dreadful calamity which befell our blessed Savior, St. Luke calls "His Passion." This is the way in which St. Jerome uses the word when translating the New Testament from Greek into Latin. Other ecclesiastical writers

followed the lead of St. Jerome, so that the word 'Passion' in this very determined sense came into universal use in the Church and was so understood by the faithful. Thus has it been uniformly rendered in every English translation of the Scriptures. The 'Passion,' in the Christian mind, is always associated with that accumulation of misfortunes which suddenly broke above the head of the Savior and which was

the immediate cause of His death.

The Christian world does not forget that Jesus Christ suffered, and suffered much; that, prior to the Last Supper, He endured mental, moral and physical pains which were keen and various; but those eighteen hours of concentrated and diversified torment have gripped men's minds and wrung men's hearts as no other period of His life has done or

*THIS is the first of a series of articles which will appear in future issues of The Sign. The thoughtful reading of these articles will beget a deeper and more intelligent devotion to Christ Crucified. The Author happily combines historical, scientific and devotional aspects of the Sacred Passion.—THE EDITORS.*

could do. Those final agonies stand alone, as a thing apart, even in the life of the "Man of Sorrows," and they are called by the Church the "Passion of Jesus Christ."

THE Passion, as here specifically explained, won the tender pity of the human race: it tapped the love-spring from which has issued that stream of Christian piety known as devotion to the Sacred Passion. Even a superficial study of this subject suffices to prove that devotion to the Passion of Christ is the most ancient of all Catholic devotions. It is the fountain-head wherein all other devotions take their rise; it is the embodiment of of all primitive Christian devotion and the central point towards which all other forms of early Catholic piety converge.

No other devotion is so deeply or so obviously founded in Christian principle, no other is so intimately knitted into Christian life, no other has so radically influenced primitive Christian practice. There is no devotion of the Catholic Church today, or throughout her history, that is so abundantly manifested and solidly authenticated by historical evidences, such as Holy Scripture and Tradition, ancient liturgies and chronicles, Christian literature and art, crumbling monuments and archaeological excavations, as early devotion to the Passion of Christ. All other devotions without a single exception, whether in honor of some mystery of the Holy Faith, or of some fact in Christ's life—devotion to the Blessed Trinity, to the Holy Ghost, to the Incarnation, to the Resurrection, to the Sacred Heart, to the Joys or Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, to the Martyrs or other Saints—all these devotions are of yesterday when compared with devotion to the Sacred Passion of Jesus Christ.

Devotion to the Passion is more ancient than devotion to the holy Mass. The very purpose of the Mass is devotion to the Passion of Jesus Christ. It is the memorial of the Passion. "This do," says Christ, "for the commemoration of Me;" and St. Paul warns the faithful, "as often as you shall eat this bread and drink the chalice, you shall shew the death of the Lord until He come." The Mass is itself an act of devotion to Christ's Passion; it is the greatest of all possible acts; it is the original act of devotion to the Passion; it was instituted for this very end by Jesus Christ Himself, and it stands as the most convincing evidence that devotion to the Passion of Christ is the earliest of all Catholic devotions.

Read the Gospels for an intrinsic proof of this. The four Evangelists treat those eighteen hours of our Savior's Passion, not as a mere series of circumstances in His Life, nor merely as a separate group of experiences; they treat the history of the Passion as a phase distinct and separate from all other phases of Christ's activity. All, with one accord, treat the Passion as the most prominent,

and the most important work in the life of the God-Man.

To view this matter aright we must remember that each of the Gospels is, and is intended to be, a summary of the life of Jesus Christ more or less detailed from His birth to His death—the narrative of the events which made up His earthly career. St. Matthew in writing his chronicle of the Master devoted about one ninth of his entire work to telling the story of those final eighteen hours of suffering. St. Mark gives the same relative space in his Gospel to an account of the same few hours. St. Luke and St. John both stress with great wealth of detail the same brief period.

ALL this is, indeed, remarkable. But more remarkable would it grow, were we to consider the four Gospels as constituting one book, and then recall that about one tenth of the entire work is devoted entirely to narrating the events that transpired within the last eighteen hours of the Savior's life. Then, surely, we are compelled to conclude that the hearts of the biographers were fixed upon the sufferings of that short space, that their minds were absorbed in the contemplation of them, and this is nothing else than to say that the four Evangelists were filled with devotion to the Passion of their beloved Redeemer.

On reflection a further thought occurs in this connection. The previous life of Christ was not void of incident. Rather, it simply bristled with the marvellous. It was a life of wonders—wonders of teaching and reformation, wonders of conflict and of conquest, wonders of love and of hatred, wonders of miracle and of blessing—wonders that have animated the pens of thousands since that day; and yet, these are passed over, or are noted by the merest word, while one tenth of the divine story of the thirty three years Christ dwelt with men is given to the recording of what happened in just a few hours of suffering.

This fact becomes more impressive still when we recall that it is not a pet notion or characteristic trait of one only of the inspired narrators. It is a mark common to them all, although they wrote in different places, in different tongues, and at different times. One Evangelist, St. Matthew, a tax collector, wrote his life of Christ in Syro-Chaldaic in the year 39; another, St. Mark, probably a Levite, wrote at Rome, and in Latin, about the year 43; a third, St. Luke, a physician, with a marked disposition to art, letters, and travel, composed his work fourteen years later; while a fourth, St. John, a fisherman and octogenarian, wrote his account about the year 95, when his fellow Evangelists were long since dead; yet, each biographer makes those eighteen hours the principal topic of his history of the Savior.

IF now we add to what has gone before the crowning fact that these records were written under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, that each is the whispering of God's own voice, then we have a cumulative argument irresistible in its convincing force; an argument which teaches us with mighty power not only that the Passion of Christ was the first and greatest devotion of the Catholic Church, but what is more satisfying still, it demonstrates to us that by God Himself it was intended to be so.

The effects of all this showed immediately in

the life and conduct of the early Christians. To those holy men and women the greatest thing in all the world was the Sacred Passion; it was everything; it lived ever and always in their hearts, so that the first Christians were the first 'Passionists,' and the first 'Passionists' were the first Christians. These are, in fact, convertible terms. With the first Christians love alone drew the heart's devotion to the Passion of Christ, drew it so strongly that those first 'Passionists' lived, suffered and died for Jesus Christ Crucified! "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all things to myself!"

## St. Gabriel of the Sorrowful Virgin

SOME of our readers have anxiously inquired whether the life of St. Gabriel will appear in the pages of THE SIGN. The editors are glad to say that it is their purpose to give a prominent place to the lives of the Saints of the Passion. In particular, they will stress the beautiful life of St. Gabriel of the Sorrowful

time. Just how close he is to us may be learned from the fact that his own brother, Michael Possenti, was present at his canonization and is still living. Many of the most charming saints lose something of their attractiveness for us, because of their having lived at times and under conditions so utterly estranged from our own. St. Gabriel was a typical young man of modern times, with none of that austere contempt of the joys of life, such as we are accustomed to associate with a saint. Rather, in his youth he was strongly inclined to all the gaities of life. Only the insistent calling of divine grace could enable him to detach his heart from the world, so bright to his eyes with the manifold vision of pleasure, ambition, achievement which, like a dream of Eldorado, beckoned him away from the glorious career of sainthood to which he was called.

There is no remoteness in time or circumstance in our thought of him to lessen our love and confidence. Our nearness to him inspires a feeling of kinship, as well as the conviction that he has special sympathy for us in the difficulties with which we labor in our spiritual warfare. Those bred in the lap of luxury find in his sacrifice of great temporal blessings, inspiration to the practice of penance and to a life of service to God and to the neighbor. Youths of the world carried about by every wind of pleasure, St. Gabriel's holy example will teach how to keep unspotted from this world. Christian parents are reminded of the sacredness of their calling by remembering what a powerful factor ideal Catholic parents were in Gabriel's sanctification. Consecrated souls are reminded once more that their rule is the norm of Christian perfection, when they realize that strict fidelity to rule was the instrument of Gabriel's holiness. In fine, in whatever walk of life we are placed, St. Gabriel teaches us that the essence of sanctity is constant and unswerving fidelity to duty.



ST. GABRIEL OF THE SORROWFUL VIRGIN

Virgin. They have in preparation a series of articles which will further endear the saint to his many clients.

It is natural that this life should appeal to present-day Catholics, as he is a saint of our own



# Fuller Crimson

JOHN CRAIG

**N**O longer can you write a tale of love inspired (either the tale or the love) by the coming of the crocuses—that is, if you wish it to be accepted for publication. If this story were prefaced by the lines from *Locksley Hall*:

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the  
burnished dove,  
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly  
turns to thoughts of love,

it would be rejected by ninety-and-nine editors with polite regrets, etc. But my Lord Alfred Tennyson knew a thing or two—about burnished doves and the fancy of young men. Lapwings and robins also came within his ken:

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon  
the robin's breast,  
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets  
himself another crest.

Your circumspect editor, wary of all Spring bards, by this time has suspected that he is about to read another tale of Spring love. Guilty, O Honorable! What follows is a tale of Love. It concerns the love of Tommy McCarthy and a girl named—but on with the story!

Outside, the night gave unmistakable evidence of the arrival of Spring. Through the open window from where he sat, Tommy McCarthy could hear the intermittent *drip-drip* from the eaves of the house-tops—the remnant of a month-old snowstorm succumbing to the equinoctial zephyrs. Over the backyard every-man's-land floated a heterogeneous barrage of the city's noises of the night: the solicitous crooning of a patient young housewife over the near-slumbering bundle, her first-born, cradled snugly in her arms, as she rocked it to and fro; the piquant strains of a violin which pierced the hum of minor noises, reflecting the effort of a wilful young virtuoso who, with commendable diligence, repeated many times a particularly difficult bar; as if trying to out-do each other in an attempt to obtain the casual listener's attention, John McCormack's plaintive notes vied, against formidable odds, with Enrico Caruso's voluminous aria, which carolled the night in all its Victrolan abandon.

No, there was no doubt of it, Spring was here!

In his hand Tommy held a picture, and gazed at it affectionately—as lovers down the years have been wont to do when gazing at the picture of one beloved by them. Reminiscence took him back to other days of his life—days when, yielding to secret urgings, "life" had appeared to him, in its ultimate purpose, as the pursuit of "happiness" that meant affluence, no matter how achieved, and the attend-

ant pleasures that money could purchase. As for the main business of life, of which he was reminded constantly by the adjurations of his mother and voices from the pulpit—well, that would be attended to probably, he conjectured, though definite ways and means were mentally pigeon-holed with other things which Tommy vaguely intended to do. The goal of the next ten or fifteen years would be to get money. Thus the philosophy of Tommy at seventeen. And then something happened. That something came by way of a Girl.

**O**NE Sunday evening he met her as she was going into old St. Mary's. He was wondering at the time how he might "kill" the evening. "Lo, Rosie," he called.

"Oh, hello Tommy," she returned.

"Goin' to church?" Inasmuch as she was at the moment on the steps of the church he was hastily conscious of the banality of his question.

"No," she replied gaily, her eyes twinkling. "I was just about to step into an aeroplane for a flying visit to Kamchatka."

"Gosh!" he cried. "You're funny." Secretly he marveled at her knowledge of geography and wondered where Kamchatka was.

In an instant she was contrite. "Forgive me, Tommy," she said, a winsome smile dimpling her cheeks. Before that smile, the Sphinx of Gizeh might have become articulate and shouted: "Forgiven!"

There's no need of describing Rose McLoughlin. In some of her moods you've seen her in the Madonnas of Michelangelo and Botticelli; in other moods, her facial lineaments, *sui generis*, adorn the respectable magazine covers. For six days out of every seven, from 8:30 to 5:30, Rose "pounded the keys" in the office of B. Hertzheimer & Sons, Imported Skins, filling the somewhat exalted position of "secretary" to no less a personage than B. himself. Though B.'s relationship with the work-a-day business world might be indicated by his favorite cliché, "Yours received and contents noted," Rose's viewpoint of life involved more of giving than of receiving. For her secretarial ministrations to the head of the firm she was paid—but what's the use of going into sociological statistics? Three-fourths of her weekly wages went to the support of an infirm mother. With the balance she clothed herself, defrayed the other incidental expenses of urban life, contributed to charity "drives", the parish school and debt association, gave freely every week to the church's indigent by way of the poor box, assisted struggling missionaries in distant lands by her prayers (and generous contributions of money, from time to time, to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith), and was rarely able to ignore the

piteous appeals of such mendicant beggars as one meets in the thoroughfares of New York. What was left she spent on frivolous amusements!

**S**UCH a girl was Rose. As you have already surmised, beneath her shabby shirtwaist there throbbed a heart of gold—or whatever substance composes the heart of one whose thought is constantly of others. But let us not delay her on the steps of St. Mary's. Even now her thought is of Another.

"Coming in to Vespers?" she asked of Tommy. "Me? Guess not," he retorted.

To another person it would have been a challenge for a battle of persuasions. Not so to Rose. All she said was, "Oh, excuse me!" But volumes could not describe the supreme artistry of the inflection of her voice. In it were mobilized and utilized all the gentle graces that are the prerogatives by heritage of the daughters of Eve. Tommy escorted her up the aisle of the church—and stayed for Vespers.

That had been three years ago. Sitting now by a window that looked down upon a labyrinth of clotheslines on this evening of the springtime, Tommy involuntarily shuddered at the thought of the goal of his earlier teens. Gratitude and love warmed his heart as he contemplated the gentle influence that had set him on the right track of life, and his eyes moistened wistfully as he gazed upon the picture he held in his hand.

"It was You," he murmured, affectionately. "Only You. I love You." And he pressed it to his lips.

And now he had arrived at the most important milestone on the forked highway of his life. For tomorrow Tom and Rose, for better, for worse—

A neighborly phonograph, as if reflecting the universal spirit of Youth in the springtime, gave forth the noble strains of the Wedding March from Lohengrin.

The following morning an unusually large number of parishioners foregathered at St. Mary's, for both Tom and Rose were parish favorites. The sun shone down its golden benediction for their great day. Father O'Toole, the saintly old pastor, offered up a Mass especially for them, and at the end of it gave each of them his blessing and addressed to them an affectionate word of farewell.

Friends came to the railroad station to see them off on their journey. No relatives accompanied Rose—her mother had died a year previous. When the train was about to depart, Tom's mother enfolded him in his arms.

"Good-bye, dear," she sobbed; but withal, a radiant happiness lined her face. From her corsage bouquet she plucked a hothouse rose and pinned it on the lapel of his coat. "One of God's roses for you, dear," she whispered, "as a remembrance from me."

There ensued such hustle and bustle as usually

accompanies the departure of friends upon a journey. Two trains left the station simultaneously. From a rear platform Tom waved good-bye to his friends and threw kisses to his mother.

Thus the story ends. Youth and springtime and love—it's an old story, but none the less beautiful for its antiquity; love that means wedding bells for some; for others—

**O**N the same day, as dusk was purpling the sky over a Pennsylvania country village, a priest and a young man were walking up a hill on the crest of which, serene and solemn, stood a Foreign-Mission seminary. It might have been a twilight borrowed from Heaven. A hidden brook, held in bondage for months by an unrelenting Winter, now rippled a song of thanksgiving for its release to the God of the seasons. Early marigold and azalea and meadow saffron combined in a conflagration of color and wafted up their fragrance as an incense to the same God. A lonesome whip-poor-will whistled to his mate to join him in a vesper song to the Almighty Lord; from his vantage perch on the topmost branch of a burgeoning roadside elm, a bobolink trilled an ecstatic rhapsody to its Maker; a meadowlark on a weather-worn fence-post fluted a joyous *Te Deum* before retiring for the night.

Few words, after their first affectionate greeting, had been exchanged between the priest and the youth during their walk up the hill from the little railroad station at the foot of it. As a turn in the winding path gave them an unobstructed view of the western skyline they came to a halt simultaneously, and stood as if transfixed. The blazing glory of the sunset held them in its spell. Finally the youth spoke:

"It reminds one of Francis Thompson's 'flaming monstrosity of the West,' doesn't it, Father?"

"Yes, my boy," answered the priest in an abstracted sort of manner. And then, as if returning to the subject of his thoughts that had been interrupted by the boy's remark: "Tell me, are you sure you are not making a mistake in entering the priesthood?"

The boy dropped the traveling-bag he was carrying. His face reflected his amazement.

"Why,—why Father! So that's what had made you so silent on our way up from the station! Why on earth do you ask such a question at such a time?" The boy smiled as he said this, and in his voice was a tone that betokened a long-standing friendship with the priest.

"For two reasons, son. In the first place I noticed, a few moments ago when you thought I wasn't looking, that you surreptitiously took a picture from your pocket and kissed it. And in the second place, I've been wondering about the rose in the lapel of your coat. I observed secretly that



you have gazed at it tenderly, as if you were caressing its giver."

A youthful laugh rippled over the quiet countryside. The boy made an obeisance to the priest. His eyes sparkled.

"The rose, O Holy Inquisitor," he replied, "was given to me by one I love most dearly. She is my mother."

The priest faced about suddenly. He approached the boy and placed his hands on his shoulders.

"Forgive me, Tom," he said. Then his voice trembled. "Keep it forever," he said, touching the flower.

The boy's hand dove into his inner coat pocket. "Here is the picture, Father," he said, a slight feel-

ing of embarrassment crimsoning his face. "I plead guilty."

It was a picture of the bleeding Sacred Heart of Jesus.

"I'll keep the rose as long as I live," he said. "And my little picture, too. Somehow, I've become greatly attached to it. It was given to me three years ago, one Sunday evening after Vespers, by a girl—oh, such a girl, Father! Without ever saying a word of reproach to me, she changed the whole course of my thoughts and my distorted philosophy of life; and when I got home that night I actually wept for having caused those drops of Sacred Blood. Rose McLoughlin was her name. Beginning to-day it will be Sister Mary Angelica, of the Order of St. Dominic. A wonderful girl, Father."

From the belfry of the seminary on the hill came the music of the Angelus bell.

## "Behold, I Come!"

MURTAGH MOORE

Upon what dire catastrophe does His anxious vision fall,  
When in that hushed momentous hour His Father hears His call:  
"Behold I Come!—none other may—Thy Will, O God, to do,  
"In form of Man, with Body joined!" What sorrow meets His view?

There are wanderers in the Vale of Death where dismal shadows fall;  
All wilfully had they entered mid the beetling barriers' thrall:  
No rift of blue above them that might presage hope to come,  
No shepherd there to rally them and lead them gladly home.

There are prisoners held securely mid dark, impervious walls,  
Where through the narrow casement a single sunbeam falls:  
A lane to glory forfeited: it mocks the drooping eye,  
While a winged songster overheard marks summer passing by.

There are rebels lying wounded—their old defiance spent,—  
The flaming sword relentless beckons them to banishment:  
Of all the splendid sons of God, moved with pity at their woe;  
None may a fitting ransom bring, or snatch them from the foe.

But what if He the task had shunn'd in that momentous hour,  
Or with the chalice at His Lips in the shade of olive bower  
Had paused and let the sword descend—had uttered not the plea:  
"Thy will be done: Behold I come: Mine be the penalty!"

# Retreats and the Lay Apostolate

EDWARD W. JOYCE

**M**EN often speculate concerning the probable feelings of a being from a distant planet if he were suddenly to find himself set upon this earth. They delight in picturing his surprise at the mechanical marvels of our age, at our ingenious means of communication and transportation. Beyond a doubt he would find himself bewildered at the complexity of our vast industrial system and would stand aghast at the height of our gigantic office buildings. Yet, withal, one who stops to survey the present condition of life here may pause to think of the disdain with which such a visitor might contemplate the world.

From no matter what part of the universe he

and the purpose of their bestowal, and that God counts for but little in his calculations. In other words man's efforts have perverted the natural God-made order and instead of attaining the bliss of an earthly paradise we have fashioned a terrestrial limbo.

For years nations looked with covetous eyes upon their neighbors' possessions. With studious care they bred hatred in the hearts of their children. Carefully they turned every advancement of science into means for the destruction of life and property. And lo! the world awoke to the clamor of war and stood aghast to see its very life blood course in torrents from a million wounds. For decades

*Built over the palace of the saints for whom it is named and who were martyred in the fourth century. Motherhouses of the Passionist Order. Probably the oldest retreat house for priests and laymen in the world.*



MONASTERY AND BASILICA OF STS. JOHN AND PAUL, ROME

might come he must have observed that order is the first law of all creation. By the exercise of ordinary intelligence he must easily have deduced that, as lower forms of inanimate and animate nature serve those that are higher, so should the things of earth serve man that he might in turn better serve his Creator. It is therefore not only possible, but most certain, that such a being as we here conjure up should look upon our earth as a very sorry habitation and man as a creature deserving only of pity, if not contempt.

For, is it not true, that instead of obeying the laws of nature we are in open revolt against them; that instead of maintaining order we have regressed almost to a condition of chaos? Instead of commanding and utilizing the free gifts of nature's bounty has it not come to the point where man is becoming more and more a slave of his own handiwork? And with such developments it is becoming more evident that man, blinded with worldly satisfactions, is forgetting the source of his blessings

agitators played upon the passions of avarice and injustice that lurk in every heart and we find Capital and Labor at each others throats. For generations men preached class hatred, the "rights" of the proletariat, the evils of property.

And again, we were roused to the horrors of Bolshevism in Soviet Russia. For four centuries false Christs and false prophets have preached that man needs bow to no authority beyond his own will, that marriage is not a sacrament, but a mere civil contract, that one's own conscience, however perverse, should be his sole guide and we find only what we should expect; viz, that the world is overrun by the bastard brood of murders, divorce, birth control, mob rule, atheistic schools, juvenile delinquency, rampant selfishness and corruption in high places and in low. Yet when a nation becomes riven and nearly paralyzed by class warfare; when regard for the sanctity of human life no longer prevents the wholesale destruction of God's masterpiece, when strong nations oppress weak and stop

at nothing in their lust for gain, when a world-encircling war threatens the very existence of human institutions and civilization itself totters, men curse God and ask—"What's wrong with the world?"

**W**HAT'S wrong with the world? I answer, nothing. It is only what man has made it.

Then whence come our troubles? We apply the laws of science to matter and the result is always the same. But it makes no difference what laws we formulate and apply to human relations, they always fail. We have painstakingly studied every phase of economics, sociology and politics and have carefully put their teachings into practice, yet we

the soul of man is infested with a poisonous virus and until the poison is expelled no cure can be effected. Virtue cannot be legislated into man as medicine is administered. It is of its very nature interior and must arise from the well-springs of a pure soul.

**T**HE greatest need of society today is, therefore, some means of reconstituting man, of exorcising worldliness and selfishness from his heart, of raising his thoughts and purposes to a new and higher plane and purifying his soul. Eminent leaders in all walks of life admit this fact but there they stop. They name the cure but fail to produce it in concrete form. Still, a remedy for present



ST. GABRIEL'S MONASTERY, BOSTON, MASS.

are as far as ever from the goal of human happiness. Is it not time that we tried a different course? Like the wanderer who failed to see the forest because of the trees we have been so occupied with the problems of men that we have failed to comprehend man! For too long have we been engaged with the superstructure of life. Is it not meet that we should inspect its foundations to make sure that every stone is strong and true and in its proper place? In short let us start at the beginning and consider, not men in the aggregate, but man the individual.

The root of our troubles lies, not with society as a whole but with the men who constitute society. It were folly to suppose that society can be any better than its component members. And bitter experience has proved that man cannot be put into a test tube and his actions foretold, as with a combination of chemicals, because man has a will that is free to follow its own choosing. In a word, then,

conditions must exist. In fact it does exist and has always existed. The means of society's salvation abides in the lay-men's retreat houses throughout the world.

A retreat, by reforming a man, accomplishes the work most essential to social welfare. No other means is so effective. No device of idealistic reformers can possibly be so certain of success. The retreat begins social regeneration at the only logical starting-point because, by purifying the soul and properly directing the will of man, the social unit, it lays deep and strong the foundations of human society of which he is a member. It is not only impossible for any other agency to achieve such a result so easily and quickly, but it is also true that no other cure is so lasting.

To one who has never made a retreat of three or more days in a Passionist Monastery or other retreat house the above statements may seem exaggerated. Those who have experienced the

*Retreat Movement started February, 1911. Since then 247 retreats have been given. Average attendance 27. In all over 10,000 men of all ranks of society have made retreats.. The Laymen's Guild has 4,000 members. Its success is largely due to the personal co-operation of Card. O'Connell.*

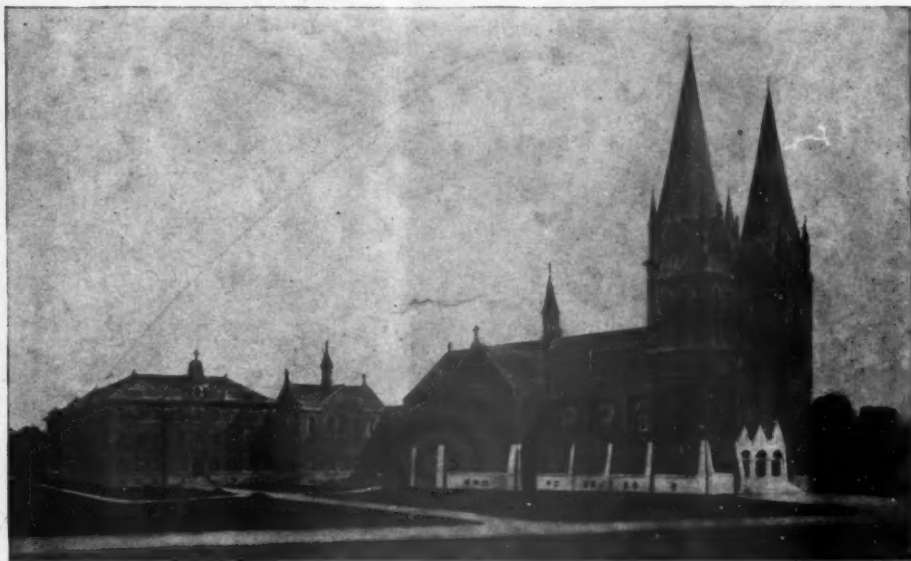
sublime transformation that occurs during the time of a retreat, however, will certainly agree with my conclusions. For there is no experience in the life of the average layman to compare with that of making a retreat. To attempt to describe the spiritual change undergone during a retreat is to call upon language to do the impossible.

Can one describe color to a person born blind? Or the beauties of Dante to an illiterate? Just so is it most difficult to convey an adequate conception of the hidden glories of our faith that gush forth in radiant splendor upon the vision as the retreat director, with meticulous care, like a skilful surgeon, lays open to view the innermost recesses of one's soul. In periods of meditation what celestial tor-

upon him with convincing clarity he has never before known. At the foot of the cross he reads through his tears of remorse the infinite wickedness of sin. In contemplation of the glorious Resurrection he learns the endless reward of a life well spent.

WITH sadness for his past misdeeds, yet filled with joyous gratitude that God has spared him to make this retreat, he kneels at the feet of Christ's representative in the tribunal of penance. From a heart sick with sin, but now resolved as never before to spend the remainder of his life in the only way worth while—in God's service—he pours forth the age-old story of human weaknesses; and arises, free from sin, God's friend once more.

Headquarters of the Laymen's Retreat Movement in the Western Province. Thus far retreats for laymen have not been so frequent in the Middle West as in the East. It is confidently expected that in a short time the Movement will make great progress.



PASSIONIST MONASTERY WITH PROPOSED MONASTIC CHURCH, CHICAGO, ILL.

rents of grace flood one's innermost being till his soul-thirst is appeased and his cups runneth over! Yes, and, under skilful guidance, what putrid sores of sin reveal themselves in the unfathomed depths of one's soul to which he may have long denied the sunlight of sanctifying grace which alone can cleanse and purify it!

For three days or more he lives in the cloistered quiet of the monastery, inspired by the edifying example of the priests and students with whom he dwells. During silence-periods, in the solitude of his room, he meditates upon the lessons so calmly yet effectively developed during conferences in the beautiful choir chapel. Away from the turmoil and strife of shop and factory and office, he has time for reflection upon the true value of life. In the scales of calm reason he weighs pleasure against virtue, heaven against hell, time against eternity. The shortness of life, the folly of worldliness, dawn

At holy Mass he receives into his bosom the Great Physician who pours into his soul the oil of mercy and the wine that maketh virgins and binds up his spiritual wounds as only God knows how. As the retreat ends he receives the Papal Blessing which obliterates completely in God's sight all temporal punishment due for his past offences. He is once more as he was in the days of his spotless infancy: and his heart sings within him for he is filled with the "peace that surpasseth all understanding." And, with pure heart and a will so firmly steeled as to make him stronger than a thousand men, he goes forth again to meet the temptations of daily life, equipped now to battle manfully with "the world, the flesh and the devil."

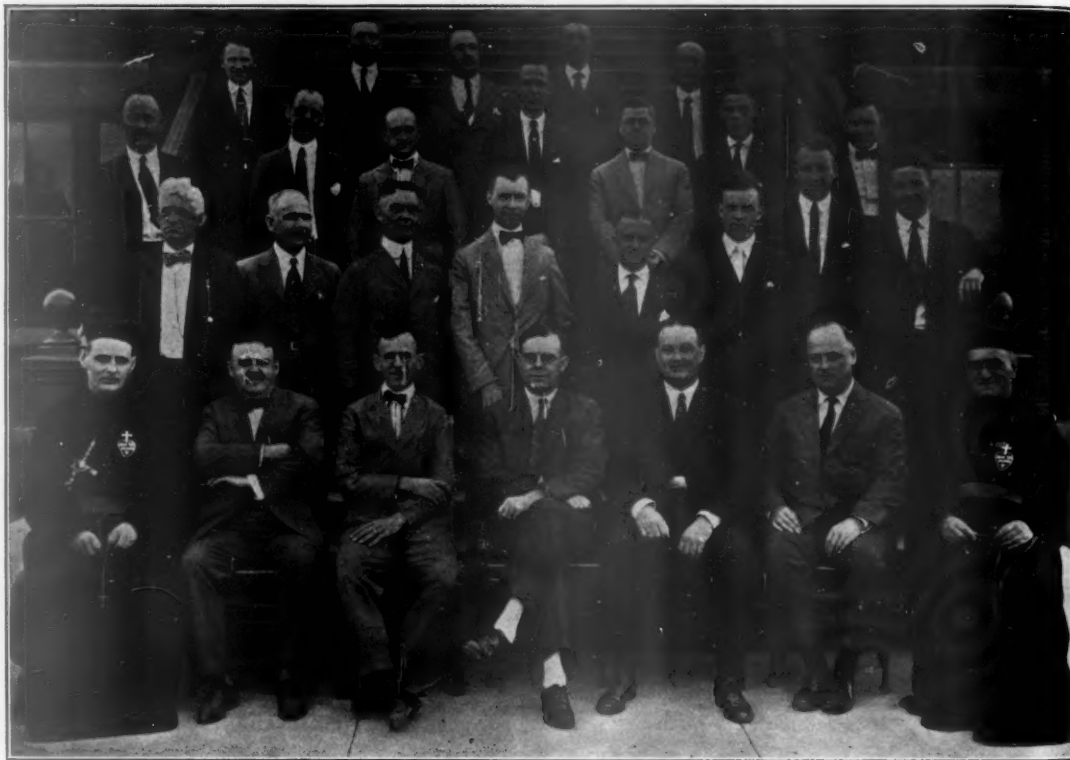
Yes, he returns to the same world, but a far different man. Into his house he brings love, patience, forbearance. To his trade or profession he carries honesty and justice into all his dealings.



## THE † SIGN

Among his companions he is marked for his clean tongue and his devotion to truth. In his parish he becomes an indefatigable aid to his pastor in the furtherance of all good works. If he be in public life, there too does his faith shine forth as a beacon light and he proves himself by fidelity to his trust. To all with whom he comes in contact he becomes a living example that gives the lie to those who scoff at religion and scandalize others by the folly of their ways.

350,000 did so in only ten years. The sublime faith of the Breton peasant, so beautifully immortalized by Pasteur, is due largely to the retreats they have regularly made for the past 250 years. Especially worthy of note is the case of Buenos Ayres where, after five years it is recorded that "the whole character of the people had changed." Mark well that fact, for it proves the truth of my thesis that in the retreat movement lies the perfect solution of our social problems.



GROUP OF RETREATANTS AT HOLY CROSS PREPARATORY COLLEGE, DUNKIRK, N. Y.

*Beautifully located on the shore of Lake Erie, this college is an ideal place for a few days retirement. Retreats were inaugurated here during the Summer. One was given every week with an average attendance of twenty retreatants.*

**I**S such a work worth while? "By their fruits you shall know them." By the results achieved is the retreat movement willing to be judged. Retreats are not a novelty but, on the contrary, they have existed in the Church from the earliest days when hermits withdrew into the desert for contemplation up to now when popular retreats are organized on a large scale. During the life time of St. Vincent de Paul 20,000 men made retreats at St. Lazzare in France. Later the movement spread to every civilized quarter of the globe. In the city of Buenos Ayres alone 30,000 people made retreats in the space of five years, while in Chili

Without resorting to base pessimism, it is true that no thinking man can look complacently upon present-day conditions. Half the world is starving or in revolution. Our own beloved country is torn with dissention of a dozen hues. Social unrest has become almost a peril. An alarming increase in the number of divorces, accompanied by a frightful diminution in the birth-rate in many quarters, attest to the prevalence of human depravity. Sixty millions of our people care so little for God and religion that they do not so much as trouble themselves to declare their adherence to any church whatsoever.

And hand in hand with such indifferentism



stalks the grim spectre that history has recorded oft before—open hostility to the Church. We see it in proposed legislation to close the parochial schools, as in Michigan; in the Sterling-Towner bill for federal control of schools, in the fanatical statements of some who would use the eighteenth amendment to prevent the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. As a matter of fact if ever we have a Congress containing a sufficient number of men hostile or indifferent to our rights as Catholic citizens they may by a single ballot so change the prohibition enforcement law as to ban the Mass. The growing frequency of race riots, murders and lynchings, in the North and East as well as in the South and West bear shameful witness to the lowered tone of popular morality.

men of good will,—that is the pressing need."

The lay apostolate! That should be our watch word! *We should strive for the creation of a large body of men, militant Catholics, firm in their faith, unswerving in their adherence to the right and prepared at all times to raise their voice in its defence.* Give to the world a sufficient number of lay apostles, ready and able to meet and overcome the monster of injustice and evil whether it be in the halls of state, the councils of business, the forums of labor or the family circle, and you will overcome radicalism, purify the stage, the cinema and the press, allay unrest and renew the face of the earth. He who participates in this movement furthers a two-fold result; his own sanctification and

*Was dedicated last November. Especially designed to meet the conveniences of the retreatants. Will accomodate 40. Retreats are given every month with an average attendance of 20. Plans are pending for organization of Retreat Guild.*



RETREAT HOUSE ATTACHED TO ST. PAUL'S MONASTERY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

IT is time we took definite organized steps for the rescue of our land from the sinister blight that overshadows it. The call is for lay apostles, not merely educated men,—that title has become a dangerous mis-nomer—but *retreat-trained men!* Today we need Knights of the Faith tried in the fires of discipline, drilled in the school of penance and imbued with the ardor of Crusaders. We need men of every age and class, trade and profession, able to stand their ground in the defence of truth, justice and morality, yea ready to invade the temple of Moloch and scatter the sybaritic hosts that threaten to undermine the fortress of civilization itself. The enemy is within our very gates and naught but those clean of heart and strong in faith can expel him.

To quote Rev. Fr. Archambault S. J. "An elite alone can save us. To form a nucleus of Christians tempered to resist the assaults of the foe, impregnated with the apostolic spirit, ready to waive their personal interests, to penetrate the masses, to strengthen the faith that totters, to rally the scattered

the salvation of society and of our beloved country from the slough of decadence into which we are fast slipping.

THE issue is plain! The means are at hand! Naught remains but the necessary support.

To us comes the challenge! *This work is ours; and we laymen must see it through.* We stand at a crucial point in history at a time when a few lay apostles like the three hundred Spartans in the pass at Thermopylae can, and must, roll back the ten thousand who rush to the assault. In the retreat movement and retreat-trained men lies the hope of America, if not of the world. We must do all in our power to strengthen and spread retreats for laymen lest it be said that in the hour of peril we were recreant to the interests of the Church and America. And no man can fortell what a blessed reward awaits those by whose interest in this work thousands of souls shall be saved to enjoy eternity with Him who set the divine example of self-sacrifice which is the ideal of the lay-apostle.

# The White Rose of Lucca

## The Story of Gemma Galgani

MATTHEW KUEBEL

### 2—Life at School and Home

**W**HEN Signora Galgani died, the children were sent to live, for a while, with their relatives, the Landis. The sojourn away from home did little to assuage Gemma's sorrow. The circumstances of her stay with her Aunt Helen only accentuated her sense of loss. Helen Landi, though a devout woman, was not to be compared with Signora Galgani for spiritual culture. Now, there was no one to take Gemma to daily Mass; or to visit the Blessed Sacrament; no one to take her every week to confession, of which she felt great need: no one to speak to her of Jesus as her mother used to do.

These privations were a real suffering to the holy child. "Then, indeed," she tells us, "I had to weep for the time when my mamma let me pray so much." Helen Landi did not dream that her beloved niece was suffering. She had hoped, and even tried, to keep Gemma with her. But this was not to be. Gino, the only one at home with his father, wanted Gemma back, and so did Signor Galgani. Besides, he experienced some anxiety about the education of his children, so that Gemma with her brothers and sisters arrived home at Christmas 1886.

Soon after, Gemma was sent as a day pupil to the Guerra Institute in Lucca. This establishment, named for its foundress, Mother Guerra, was conducted by the Sisters of St. Zita, who were in high repute as teachers, in the city. This arrangement filled Gemma with joy. She knew that under the guidance of teachers consecrated to God she would have ample opportunities to indulge her childish pieties.

We know from her own words that she was not disappointed. Later in life she affirmed that the Sisters' school had been a paradise. The Sisters on their part were very favorably impressed by their new pupil. They were struck by her seriousness, her modesty, and the candor of soul that radiated from her person and beamed from her big eyes. One of the Sisters said to her: "Gemma, Gemma, if I did not read you through your eyes, I should not know you."

She was not long at the convent before she asked for something that was very dear to her heart—to make her First Communion. She had cherished a great love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, the effect, no doubt, of her mother's zealous words about the sweetness and majesty of the Hidden God,

and the ardent faith she displayed when receiving Holy Communion. But Gemma's request was not taken seriously by the good Sisters. She was still very young—only nine years of age—and custom was against her.

**S**TILL she pleaded: "Give me Jesus, and you will see how good I shall be. I shall be quite changed. Give Him to me. I so long for Him, and I cannot live without Him." At last the chaplain, the Right Rev. John Volpi, gave in to her repeated entreaties. "If we do not want our Gemma to die of longing," he told her father, "we must allow her to go to Holy Communion."

Gemma's happiness when this decision was made cannot be described. She obtained her father's leave to stay at the convent while she prepared for her First Communion. She arose very early the next morning, and, on entering the convent, ran at once to the chapel to thank our Lord for His latest kindness.

Then an immense desire welled up in the heart of the sweet child, to know all about Jesus. At her request, when the other children had retired, her mistress would tell her stories from the life of the Savior. When the good nun would come to the sufferings of Jesus—His agony, scourging, crowning with thorns, and crucifixion—Gemma would feel such acute pain that she would not be able to leave her bed the next day.

The lessons on the Sacred Passion were discontinued; but Gemma made up for this by listening with absorbed attention to the instructions given by the chaplain to the first communicants. She was particularly struck by these words: "Whoever feeds on Jesus, will live of His life." Then she reasoned thus with herself: "When Jesus comes to me, Jesus will live in me." And her heart became all on fire with longing to have our Lord as the guest of her soul.

Although Gemma had always been an angel of innocence, the trifling faults she had committed awakened in her the desire of purifying herself of every stain. Young as she was, she made a general confession, and was not satisfied until she had returned to her confessor three times.

She made her First Communion June 17, 1887. The sentiments she experienced on that memorable day, she herself has left on record. "At last Sunday came! I arose early and hastened to the church,

and there received my Lord for the first time. All my longing was satisfied; now I understood the promise: 'He that eateth Me, the same shall live by Me.' Father, I cannot explain what took place between me and Jesus at that moment; but He revealed Himself to my wretched soul. I felt that the delights of heaven are not like those of earth.

I was seized with the desire of abiding forever in this union with my God. I felt myself more than ever detached from the world and recollected in God."

**THOUGH** only a child at this time, Gemma made use of the grace of her First Communion for the practical acquisition of virtue. During her preparatory retreat, she wrote down several resolutions—no doubt, at the suggestion of the Sisters. In a brief numerical list, she recorded her determination to go to confession and receive Holy Communion every time, as if it were to be the last; to visit often the Blessed Sacrament; to prepare for the feasts of the Blessed Mother by some little act of penance; and every evening before retiring to ask her heavenly Mother's blessing; to keep herself always in God's presence; and to repeat an ejaculation several times at every stroke of the clock.

Her list would have been much longer had not her mistress come to her while she was writing and told her not to add anything more. The Sister must have been aware that the child's character was so developed and was of such strength that whatever she made up her mind to do, she would carry out even at the cost of her health.

The impression which her First Communion

made on Gemma was deep and lasting. Listen to her words fourteen years later: "Father, where are my thoughts taking me? To my beautiful First Communion Day. Yesterday, feast of the Sacred Heart, I felt again the joy of that happy day. Again I tasted paradise..... Truly the day of my First Communion was the day on which I found

my heart burning with the love of Jesus."

After this event Gemma returned to the convent routine with her usual diligence and exactness. Before long her winsome disposition made her a universal favorite. There was a sweet attractiveness about this lovely child that was quite irresistible. Though the youngest in the school, she was looked up to by her companions who could not help but be impressed by the dignity of her manner.

This is all the more remarkable, because there was about her a certain reserve, emphasized by a curtness in speech, that to some seemed to indicate rudeness and even pride. To one such who had upbraided

her, she answered smilingly and with unaffected modesty: "What could pride have to do in the matter? I am not thinking of it. I don't answer, because I don't know what to say. I don't know whether I should answer rightly or wrongly, so I remain silent. There is an end to it."

**I**T was quite generally recognized, however, that Gemma was of a vivacious temperament and that she was readily capable of being a mad-cap, had she not at all times held her boisterous inclinations in check. The reserve, so apparent in



GEMMA GALGANI



her, was the effect of a fixed determination to acquire self-mastery.

How well she succeeded, we know from her teachers who declared she never answered back, never pouted or grew ill-tempered. When on occasion she happened to be scolded for some childish fault, she would listen silently, and would afterwards say: "Don't be angry; don't let it trouble you. You will see I'll be good, and won't do it again."

The charge of dullness never disturbed her. It is a matter of fact that she was more than ordinarily intelligent. She proved this rather convincingly on one occasion when a physician, who was attending her, brusquely rebuked what he thought to be excessive modesty, and undertook to lecture her in worldly wisdom and common sense. Her retort was so apt and incisive that he was utterly abashed. Her spiritual director, in later years, the learned Father Germanus, tells us that he often purposely put her mental ability to the test, and was always amazed at the unflinching quickness and correctness of her replies.

GEMMA'S love for the Sacred Passion—all her life the predominant trait of her holiness—was the vehicle through which her high mental gifts became known. Often did she beg her teachers to tell her about the sufferings of Christ. This coveted favor was granted her only when she stood at the head of her class. No effort was too great for her to make in order that she might claim her reward. This was the reason why she always carried off the highest prizes at the graduation exercises.

At the end of one school term she was awarded the gold medal in christian doctrine. Only when inspired by a religious motive did she display her gifts. Consequently it was very difficult to persuade her to take part in the annual exhibitions by submitting to the view of the public specimens of her work in Italian and French.

The first impression gained of this young school girl was a conviction of her unusual piety, a conviction which deepened on continued acquaintance. It was a matter of common remark among her teachers that she evinced most seriousness during the catechism classes.

It was likewise observed by them that this exemplary pupil practiced daily examination of conscience, meditation, and spiritual reading; but the amount of time she devoted to these several pious exercises, especially to meditation, their interested curiosity could never discover.

Our Lord's Passion was the favorite, and almost constant, topic of her thoughts. Sister Camilla, a religious of tried virtue, was among the first to guide her in the knowledge of Christ Crucified. For a time it fell to her to give to Gemma her lessons on the Passion—the merited reward of her diligence. On such occasions her pupil manifested the greatest

sympathy for the sufferings of Jesus. "How often," she tells us, "did we not weep together during these informal lessons."

As a result of these lessons, Gemma was inspired to practice severe penance. She even went so far as to fashion instruments of penance for herself, but her superiors prudently forbade the use of them. To compensate for this privation she began a rigid mortification of her senses, which in the end, became a veritable crucifixion, and prepared her for the grace of being numbered amongst those who have most closely resembled the Man of Sorrows.

Upon the death of Sister Camilla, Sister Julia Sestini succeeded the former as Gemma's mistress. This good woman instilled her own great love of prayer into the heart of her saintly charge. "It was owing to her instruction," Gemma once said, "that I, too, resolved to devote much time to prayer."

IT was at this time that she began her practice of reciting daily the fifteen decades of the rosary, and of rising several times every night to reflect on the Passion. Besides these voluntary penances, she was subjected to others which are the common portion of all saintly souls. These trials served only to strengthen her virtue and to urge her on to greater efforts. With the consent of her confessor, she received Holy Communion more frequently; first, thrice a week, and then, daily. She sought, whenever possible, to be alone and at prayer. She dressed with the utmost simplicity, and seemed to be wholly indifferent to the gaieties which make such a strong appeal to those of her age.

The pronounced opposition of her family to her singularity in dress added materially to her sufferings. They did not see why she did not dress like her sisters; and why she should not join in their ordinary pastimes. Her studied retirement was not due to excessive bashfulness, or to the lack of personal charm. Her photograph attests her exceptional beauty; and we know, from the testimony of persons still living, that she would have adorned any society.

Gemma was soon to be freed from these painful difficulties by the death of her grandfather and of her uncle Maurice. After this, her aunts came to live with the Galganis; and their coming marked a change in the family's attitude towards her. Henceforth she was at liberty to follow her own manner of life. It was not long, however, before she was burdened with another heavy cross. Her brother Gino, to whom she was devotedly attached, was wasting away with consumption. This deeply affected the sensitive girl. Nevertheless she bravely took upon herself the whole burden of nursing him, reckoning the danger of contagion as nothing. Her untiring solicitude was comparable only to the tender devotion of a mother. She was inconsolable when the end came.

Sorrow added to a physical weakness, brought

on by long watchings in the sick room, undermined her health, so that she was confined to her bed for three months, and on several occasions was at the point of death. On her recovery, it was thought necessary that she should leave school. She was now in her sixteenth year.

**A**FTER leaving school, Gemma devoted herself with great earnestness to home affairs. She was most exact in everything, and this was a source of great edification to all. Her good example was often spoken of with admiration not only during her life but for many years after her death. One Peter Maggi, a servant, particularly enthusiastic in his admiration for the young mistress, said that Gemma 'stood alone and there was no one like her.'

She had a great love for the poor, and when she became the head of the house had abundant opportunities to exercise this love in a practical way. She gave them everything she could lay her hands on—money, provisions, and even the house linens. Being forbidden by her confessor to do this, she grieved much that she was unable to help those needy ones whom she was sure to meet when leaving the house; on returning home she often wept. She resolved not to go out any more.

Her daily routine was always much the same. She rose early for morning prayers and then went

to church for Mass and Communion; she visited daily the Blessed Sacrament, and in the evening spent some time in meditation, and concluded her devotions with the rosary. She arose several times during the night for about a quarter of an hour to recommend the needs of her soul to Jesus. We know from her own words that at this time she began to receive direct communications from heaven. But while always engrossed with spiritual things, she never neglected her household duties.

It was the will of God to detach more and more this saintly girl from earthly things, and Gemma always corresponded with the divine will. A gift of a gold watch and chain was the occasion on which God made a special manifestation of His will. To show her appreciation to the aunt who gave her the present, Gemma wore the beautiful ornaments as she went for a walk. On her return her guardian angel appeared and reproved her: "The precious ornaments that adorn the spouse of a Crucified King cannot be other than the thorns and the cross." At once Gemma discarded the watch and chain and also a valuable ring which she had been accustomed to wear. She made a determined resolution never even to speak of anything savoring of vanity. This apparition of the angel is the first recorded in her life. It was the beginning of a long series of supernatural visitations.

*(To be continued)*

## The Sign

ANTHONY F. KLICKNER

What Mother Mary saw  
In Jesus infant eyes,  
So wondrous and so fair,—

Caused sorrow's sword  
To pierce her loving heart,—  
The shadow of the Cross was there!

**P**ROOF of one's having attended the Sunday services is the ability to repeat the substance, or at least the text, of the sermon. Such facility, however, is not proof that one has assisted at the services with interest, understanding or spiritual profit. It will stimulate attention in children if parents regularly inquire of them what the sermon or instruction was about. On a certain

occasion an old-fashioned parson preached on the text: "An angel came down from heaven and drew a live coal from the altar." In the audience was a boy who himself became the most sensational preacher of his day. The service over, his old-fashioned parents asked him to repeat the text. Thus did he render it: "An Injun came down from New Haven and drew a live colt from the halter!"



## Current Fact and Comment

### WOULD YOU PUT IT IN WRITING?

OFFICE-SEEKERS are notoriously unscrupulous in the matter of detraction. They find it to their purpose to make out strong cases against their competitors. Assistant Postmaster, Hubert Work, has a buffer job of listening to applicants for postmasterships from all over the country. He has an effective method. The applicant, having concluded his appeal with a conscienceless description of his rivals' delinquencies, is told: "That is

fine. It ought to be sufficient ground for action. Now, you put in writing all you have said to me, that I may have the record straight." Invariably the applicant departs, vaguely wondering how he becomes the victim of such ingenuousness.

How many things we say about the absent neighbor that we dare not say in his presence, and that we would not commit to writing over our plain, bold signature!

### "SAVE THE SURFACE AND YOU SAVE ALL"

THE above is a caption with which the ubiquitous signboard has made us all familiar. With manufacturers of paint it has long since become a highly successful and remunerative commercial slogan. This motto, however, is not confined to the paintshop; it has a far wider territory. It expresses very aptly the principle on which is built up the moral conduct of many people. Not infrequently we meet persons willing to cast aside a solid, substantial oak or mahogany table for a brightly polished cheap veneer counterfeit of the same. It is the looks that count. So, too, respectability,

culture, refinement become for many the substitutes for solid virtue; they become the shoddy cloaks for every manner of rottenness and sin. We Catholics must remember that God demands something more of us than mere external appearances. In the eyes of God there is no such thing as camouflage. He requires of us holiness. We do *not* save *all* when we save the surface. Without holiness, which alone makes us pleasing to God, all education, culture and refinement are as "the driven snow that covers the dunghill."

### AN INJUDICIOUS JUDGMENT

RECENTLY, a decision handed down by the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania stops state aid to all charities conducted under religious auspices. Sympathy is widely extended to the institutions which are to suffer hardships through this withdrawal of financial help. At the same time the incident draws attention to the efficiency of these institutions and to the fact that they lessen substantially the burden of taxation. The public is reminded that in their midst are homes, refuges, hospitals, affording shelter, comfort, expert aid, unselfish service: that it would be con-

stantly harrowed by the sight of acute distress if these refuges were not so prompt to conceal distress from public view.

It is well known that state institutions are usually run at extravagant waste of public funds without proportionate results. It is also well known that in the sphere of charitable endeavor the best results are attained by those who give their lives and efforts to the service of the Master. Only the other day the attention of the public was drawn to waste, the inefficiency, the vice rampant in a Federal home for disabled soldiers in Tennessee.

### THE AMERICAN-CANADIAN PEACE ARCH

A PEACE ARCH has been completed over the Canadian border, linking the State of Washington with the Province of British Columbia. It will be dedicated this month. It commemorates over a century of peace between two nations whose competitive interests often brought about strained relations just as grave in their import as the alleged causes for precipitating the World War. This Arch calls to mind that other pledge of lasting peace and friendship which surmounts the loftiest pinnacle of the mountainous border between Argentina and Chile. It is a colossal statue of our Lord, called "The Christ of the Andes."

To this the Peace Arch ranks second in impressiveness. Impressive, indeed, is the benign figure of Christ set up by two Catholic nations. It is a witness to their conviction that a lasting peace must be founded on something better than an *entente* or a commercial treaty. The Peace Arch gains its impressiveness not only because it commemorates a peace, but a peace maintained through conciliatory methods. Modern victors are learning that you cannot lick an opponent into helplessness and then expect him to serve you in reparation—are learning in how many subtle ways self-interested peace terms are hurting the dictator of them.

## THE MATERNITY BILL AND THE CATHOLIC MOTHER

AS an inducement to married women to bear children there has been introduced into Congress a bill known as the Maternity Bill which, if passed, will afford government aid to mothers in straightened circumstances in providing for their children. If this Bill will help some married women to live up to the dictates of their consciences, it might possibly accomplish something for decency and the State. Catholic women will not need any such inducement.

The old-fashioned Catholic mothers are passing but they are not all gone. We remember the calico wrapper and the starched white apron which was donned when baby was taken for a walk with the other three or four little tots, one scarcely bigger than the other. In those days Faith shone as with a burning light. Every morning and evening its warm rays were trained upon the innocent hearts of the children as they were told of Jesus and Mary. Then, the mother prayed (and the father, too) that

the day might come when a son would stand at the altar of God.

The calico dress and the starched apron are gone: but we still have Catholic mothers, clothed in smarter frocks, whose lives are an inspiration. They are blessed before God, a credit to the Church and the glory of their sex. They are also a reproach and a judgment to the married women who forfeit the privilege and happiness of motherhood for the sake of sinful self-indulgence. Then, too, these mothers give their quota to God even at the cost of much pain and sacrifice. Gladly, yea cheerfully, is the oldest boy given to minister at the altar; and the capable daughter, often the main support of the home, is bidden Godspeed when she makes known her desire to enter the convent.

God bless our Catholic mothers. May their number increase till the good odor of Jesus Christ is diffused throughout the world!

## IRELAND—"THE TEST OF AMERICANISM"

IN a splendid speech before the Senate—a speech as convincing as it was eloquent—Senator LaFollette characterized the Irish Cause as "the Test of Americanism."

So much untruth has been printed about the Irish fight for independence; so many facts have been deliberately distorted; so much 'news' has been adroitly colored, that many Americans, having drunk from the poisoned wells, are inoculated with a deadly anti-Irish virus.

Among these are some Catholics with Irish blood in their veins. They are so squeemish about their 'unadulterated patriotism' and so fearful of the incriminating 'hyphen', that they lack the courage to say before their fellow-men what in their hearts they know to be the truth.

Their 100% Americanism resembles strongly that of the dollar-a-year slacker and the loud-mouthed war profiteer.

They are righteously incensed at the supposed Polish pogroms against the Jews, and they enthuse over the national aspirations of Jugo-Slavia, and they bewail the plight of bleeding Armenia; but they shudder at what they deem the vulgar insistence of the Irish to end their seven-century tragedy!

George Washington and the Continental Congress were high-minded patriots when they balked

at the stolid stupidity of George III. But DeValera and the Dail Eireann are deluded extremists—dupes of an impetuous fanaticism—when they scorn the manikin pleadings of George V!

General Prescott was an intrepid soldier when he thrice repulsed the Red Jackets at Bunker Hill. But General Collins is a common assassin when he blows up a defenseless British tank!

Thomas Jefferson was a statesman with vision when he wrote the Declaration of Independence. But Arthur Griffiths is only a visionary when he lays down the platform of Sinn Fein!

The Boston Tea Party is fit for song and story. But the armed defense of invaded homes is worthy of a world's execration!

The burning of Washington was an act of unjustifiable frightfulness. But the burning of Cork was a merited reprisal to uphold the dignity of the Crown!

The imported Hessians were brutal hirelings. But the Black and Tans are the duly authorized defenders of law and order!

To the sincere American the Declaration of Independence is the exponent of national and individual right. The application of this norm to Ireland is the test of true Americanism.

## RELIGION THE PROP OF MORALITY

MORALITY depends on religion; religion depends on religious education, religious schools and teachers, religious books and influence. If the child does not receive religious training, the man will not have religion. The child

is father to the man. Horace Mann, the father of the public school system, once declared: "If the intellect, however gifted, be not governed by a sense of justice, a love of mankind, and a devotion to duty, its possessor is only a more splendid, as he

is a more dangerous, barbarian. For we are fully persuaded that the salt of religious truth can alone preserve education from abuse." Ruskin said: "Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know; it means teaching them to behave as they do not behave." Wellington declared: "Educate men without religion, and you make them but clever devils."

By banishing God and religion from their schools, France, Italy and Russia are raising a horde of immoral and criminal infidels, socialists, anarchists and bolsheviks, who have become the propagators of suicidal revolution, and the menace of all social order. By banishing God and religion from our own schools, we too are raising another horde of godless citizens who threaten the very foundations of our American Republic. Take away religion, and immediately you destroy the very basis of morality, of stability, of social order in our national life.

UNFORTUNATELY, there are some Catholic parents who do not seem to know that the parochial school stands as a protest against the irreligious system that would blot God out of the

life of the child. They do not appreciate what the Catholic school gives the child. They are so dead to its worth and efficiency that they blatantly brag their ignorance by comparing it unfavorably with the public school; whereas, even from a merely secular view-point, it is the equal of the public school both as to methods and results. In every parish are to be found 'climbers' who think that because they have a few more dollars than their neighbors, their children are of a higher intellectual type. These children must not go to the parish schools—the Sisters are not capable of teaching them! After graduation from the grammar school, the girls are packed off to some fashionable institute to have their silly little heads filled with frivolous fads and fancies: the boys are dispatched to some exclusive secular college, because, forsooth!, the Christian Brothers or the Jesuits cannot measure up to the intellectual requirements of these youthful prodigies.

Our Catholic parents have just reason to be proud of the parochial schools. They have a strict obligation to support them. Their children should be found in them. That is where they belong.

### A TRAGIC WITNESS TO BIGOTRY

UNFORTUNATELY, our Catholic people were shocked at the report of the cold-blooded murder of the Very Rev. James E. Coyle, pastor of St. Paul's Catholic Church, Birmingham, Ala. The murderer is the Rev. Edwin R. Stephenson.

Shortly before the tragic event Father Coyle had married Miss Ruth Stephenson, the murderer's daughter, to Mr. Pedro Gussmann. Miss Stephenson is a recent convert to the Church. Her testimony shows the motive of the murder.

"When I heard of the tragedy," she said, "I just couldn't believe that such a thing had happened. Poor dear Father Coyle was such a wonderful and noble man.

"I was baptized in the Catholic Faith by Father Kelly at Our Lady of Sorrows on April 10. When I was ready to make my First Communion on May 15, my father locked me in a room and mistreated me terribly. I was confined there from Friday until Monday, when I was permitted to leave for work. I never will forget these nights, and I still have nightmares about the experiences I had.

"If I had stayed at home they were going to force me to marry another man this fall. This man is a Mason and a divorced man. I could not marry him under the tenets of my religion.

"I met Pedro and we went to Bessemer and got the license. We hunted for the priest at Bessemer but were unable to find him. We then returned to Birmingham. Father Coyle was the only one who could marry us.

"I do not want to see my father. He has done

a terrible thing for which there is no excuse."

We understand that Mr. Stephenson will be defended by four of the ablest lawyers in the State. The only defence that they can possibly offer in this outrageous case is that the mind of the murderer was unhinged by his hatred of the Catholic Church. We have no difficulty in believing that a weak-minded person preyed upon by the damnable bigotry so rampant in some of our Southern States could easily become the victim of religious insanity.

What a pity that the life of one of God's anointed priests should have been sacrificed in the newborn wave of insensate anti-Catholic bigotry that is sweeping the South!

This bigotry is largely due to the woful ignorance of the people of the South concerning Catholic belief and practice. For the most part, their knowledge of the Church is derived from irresponsible, itinerant preachers—such as the Rev. Stephenson in Alabama, or from wiley politicians—such as the foul-mouthed Tom Watson in Georgia, or from lying fanatics—such as the unspeakable Catts in Florida.

One of the most potent ways of stilling the raging storm of bigotry is the spreading of Catholic literature. Bishop Kiely's Laymen's League is doing great good in Georgia through its preach-by-mail campaign. The Knights of Columbus Lecture Bureau is meeting with unexpected success in other Southern States. The International Truth Society of Brooklyn will gladly send directions to any of our readers for re-mailing Catholic literature to those places where it is most needed.



# In the Ruins Above Chinon

EDITH STANIFORTH

"ARE you ready, Anne?" asked Marjory Thornton, coming into her cousin's room. "The car is at the door."

"Quite," answered Anne Trelawney.

She picked up a warm cloak, for though the sun was hot it was only May and the evenings were apt to be chilly, and throwing it over her arm she followed her cousin downstairs. Two young men advanced to meet them as they came out of the hotel. Devlin, the owner of the car, was a dark, handsome Celt with blue eyes and black hair which yet had red tints in it. His friend, Charlie Mextborough, was a typical Englishman, tall and fair, with a lazy manner which was rather misleading. They were staying at Tours at the same hotel as the two pretty English girls, who excited their curiosity and admiration, but who, they felt, were not the kind with whom one could scrape acquaintance. Then one evening they met at a party given by a charming American woman at her flat in the Boulevard Beranger, the most fashionable part of the town, and were formally introduced. There was still a considerable American element in Tours, engaged in winding up matters after the war. A large American contingent had been quartered in Touraine, where their command of money excited the envy of the population but brought prosperity to the country-side.

Acquaintance soon ripens into friendship under such conditions, and Devlin placed his car at the disposal of the girls who were visiting the castles of Touraine. They could not well refuse him a seat in his own car, and together with him and his friend they saw all the most interesting spots in a neighbourhood brimful of history and romance.

"Where are we going today, Mr. Devlin?" Marjory asked.

It was he who planned the expeditions and looked out the roads.

"To Chinon," he replied, "the oldest of all the castles, a ruin but a magnificent one. We will take Azay-le-Rideau on the way, it is the gem of the Renaissance and you must not miss it. Will that suit?"

"Excellent. Could not be better," Marjory answered.

Devlin was a multi-millionaire who had made his money by a mixture of luck and hard work. He seized his opportunity when the chance came in his way and it led on to fortune. He was a curious compound of contradictory elements; a shrewd business man, he was yet extraordinarily well read, and there was a dreamy strain in his nature which brought him in touch with Anne. They were both Celts, she from Cornwall and he from Ireland, and had the imaginative faculty strongly developed, and they were both Catholics which was an additional

link between them. He turned to her now and his voice took a softer key. It was an Irish voice, full of modulations.

"Miss Trelawney," he said, "will you sit by me in front?"

He drove his own car and was an expert and skillful driver.

Anne coloured and looked at her cousin. She felt shy of accepting the post of honor, for Marjory was the leader and she was her guest. Anne was a convert of only a month's standing. Her father, a Protestant clergyman in Cornwall, had turned her out of the house at the instigation of her stepmother, and her mother's brother, a rich ironmaster in the north, justly indignant, had taken her in.

"But now mind, Anne," he warned her, "no proselytising. I don't want Marjory to follow your example."

"You needn't trouble, uncle Richard," replied Anne. "If God wants to convert Marjory He can do so without my help. I suppose if she wanted to become a Catholic you would not prevent her?"

"No, I shouldn't, I think people have a right to choose for themselves in such matters, but I don't want her influenced."

Anne promised and the two girls set out for France together, Anne's first trip abroad and Marjory's first since the war. They had always been friends and Marjory had hotly espoused her cousin's cause. She laughed now and shook her head.

"I would rather sit behind, it is not so windy."

FROM the first Devlin had singled out Anne for his attentions. At first sight many people were disposed to give the palm for beauty to Marjory, with her brilliant colouring and smart appearance, which was natural to her and did not depend on her clothes, but there was a haunting charm in Anne's deep gray eyes which lingered in the memory when her cousin's more showy charms were forgotten. Marjory watched the growing intimacy between Anne and Devlin with glee and without a spark of envy: there were plenty of other chances for the rich man's daughter. What a slap in the face it would be to Anne's stepmother if through her machinations and persecution the girl made a brilliant marriage!

Anne had been that morning to the house of the Holy Man, whose life she had just been reading. He appealed to her strongly, a saint of her own time who under the appearance of an ordinary good citizen had veiled heights of heroic sanctity. She had knelt in the chapel, which had formerly been his sitting-room, and slipped a letter in the box in his bedroom upstairs, begging him to reconcile her with the father she so dearly loved in spite of all his unkindness. She knew that he loved her still

though evil councils had set him against her and that he too, suffered from their estrangement. The shadow of her prayer still lingered in her eyes when she took her seat in the car.

They stopped at Azay-le-Rideau, embosomed in woods and gardens and almost encircled by the river which formed the moat, but with few historic associations since, unlike the other castles, it was not a king's palace but the home of a private individual.

"Much nicer," Marjory opined. "I wouldn't mind staying here. I am sure the other places are full of ghosts. Fancy Catherine de Medici straying into your room in the middle of the night!"

Then they made a detour by Balzac's house where he wrote the "Lys de la Vallée," and onto the Forest of Chinon where they halted and lunched under the spreading trees in one of the glades. Devlin had provided a basket of good things from Potin, the chief confectioner in the town, and a couple of bottles of Vouvray, the sparkling wine of the country, like champagne but not so heady.

"This is delightful," exclaimed Marjory. "Will somebody tell us a story?"

For nobody felt inclined to move, it was so pleasant in the forest, green and cool and peaceful. Devlin had stretched himself on the grass at Anne's feet and now and then his ardent gaze encountered hers and caused her to colour a little and turn aside. Yet she could not find fault with his homage, it was perfectly respectful.

"Tell them about your experience with the American hotel-keeper, Charlie," he said to his friend. "It is worth hearing."

**M**EXBOROUGH complied. Though he was poor and Devlin was rich there was perfect equality between them, no subservience on the one side or patronage on the other.

"I had gone out to Nebraska to look for a job. I had always been accustomed to plenty of money and when the crash came it was difficult to realize that there was no more forthcoming. I stayed at the best hotel as I had always done and waited for something to turn up. It was all right as long as the money lasted, but when it came to an end I still stayed on and the hotel-keeper got impatient. At last he told me point-blank that I must either pay up or go.

'But where am I to go to?' I asked.

'I don't know. You can't stay here.'

'What am I to do?'

'Do? Work like other people, I guess.'

'But I can't hear of a job.'

'Nonsense. You haven't tried. You've just waited for the plum to drop into your mouth.'

Then—for he was quite a good fellow, only he wanted his money, for which I could not blame him—he began to cross-examine me on my capabilities. My answers were so unsatisfactory that he got discouraged.

'Say, son, there must be something you can do. Isn't there some one thing you can do better than other people?'

I thought and thought.

'I am very strong,' I said at last. 'I carried a donkey round the quadrangle at college for a bet.'

'No!' he exclaimed, quite struck. 'You can't do that.'

'Yes, I can.'

'There's a donkey in the backyard. Come out and try.'

I went: I carried the donkey. Then he put me through two or three more trials of strength. At the end he slapped me on the back.

'Why, boy,' he cried, 'our fortune's made. Don't you worry, leave it all to me. I'll see to everything. We'll get up a show and you shall be the Strong Man. There are dollars in it, I can tell you.'

So we did. I had no trouble, he did everything. He disposed of his hotel and we travelled from place to place, dividing the profits. He played quite fair, I lived on the fat of the land and was beginning to put money by, a thing I had never done in my life before, when I got a wire from Jim telling me he had made his pile and asking me to come and join him. So I threw up my job and came: the temptation to get back to the old country was too strong to resist. My man nearly wept when I said goodbye to him.

'I shall have to go back to hotel-keeping, I guess,' he said. 'But I can't complain, I've done well by you. Only if you get sick of Europe remember there's a place for you over here.'

**M**EXBOROUGH had told his story with a modest simplicity that yet left a great deal to the imagination.

"Are you really as strong as that, Mr. Mexborough?" asked Marjory.

For there was nothing in Mexborough's appearance to denote unusual physical strength. He might have muscles of iron and nerves of steel, but as far as looks went a casual observer would have given the preference to Devlin, who was taller and much more powerfully built.

"Sure. I'll show you the first chance we get."

He little guessed how soon that chance was to come. Devlin looked at his watch.

"We must get on. It takes some time to get to Chinon and we have got to climb the hill."

They got back into the car and sped along the valley.

"I am sure Mr. Mexborough felt his position keenly," said Anne to her companion, "although he spoke of it so lightly."

"He did that," answered Devlin emphatically. "He was rolling in riches when I knew him first, and I a poor lad over from Ireland with neither money nor friends. He put my foot on the first rung of the ladder which led to success and when



his father failed I made up my mind that if luck came my way he should share it."

The speaker's face glowed with generous enthusiasm and Anne felt her heart go out to him. Not all successful men have such a good memory for past kindness.

"It is the wheel of fortune," Devlin continued. "It goes round and round, first one man's turn, then another's; and I suppose there is justice in it. But Charlie is not the money-making kind, though he would make a good use of it if he had it—none better. I have put him on to two or three things which will bring him a decent income and make him independent. Every creditor was satisfied when his father died, he insisted on that, and gave up

the small fortune he inherited from his mother.

He only reserved enough to take him out to the States and keep him there till he found a job. A queer one it was too, but an honest one at any rate, which is more than you can say for a good many deals in business."

They entered the little town nestling under the shadow of its mighty neighbour which in former times had been by turns its terror and its protection, and leaving the car at the hotel they threaded their way through the narrow streets with their quaint old-world charm till they reached the foot of the hill on which the castle was built. It stretched along the crest with a magnificent view of the valley and the river winding like a blue ribbon through the pastures.

It was a steep climb and the sun was hot, and they were glad to pause halfway and admire the scene.

Then they pushed on to the top and passed through the archway. It was a wonderful ruin of vast extent and no attempt had been made to restore it, but the hand of time had touched it lovingly and flowers grew out of the crevices, softening the rough edges of the stone. Here Richard the Lionhearted breathed his last, hit by a chance arrow at the siege of Chaluz and brought hither to die. Here Joan of Arc came to plead with the king and picked him out amongst his courtiers in the disguise of a simple gentleman. They wandered through the rooms, most of them unroofed and open to the air, and came at last to a little stone causeway

spanning the precipice and connecting two parts of the building.

"Will you cross it, Miss Thornton?" asked Devlin, but Marjory drew back shuddering.

"I couldn't. My head would go round. I shall fall."

"We will wait for them here," said Mexborough re-assuringly. Children and timid people always turned to him with confidence. Anne, more daring, followed Devlin's lead: she had climbed the cliffs at home by the Cornish sea and had a sure foot and a steady head. Together they explored the place, descended to the dungeons and mounted to giddy heights with a coolness which would have done credit to an Alpine climber. Devlin's hand

was ready to assist her if she needed it, but she very seldom availed herself of help. And all the time words were trembling on his lips which it only needed the slightest encouragement on her part to utter, but something in her manner held him back. Anne did not wish him to speak just yet and break the delightful consciousness they shared between them. She was not sure of herself, she had known him so short a time, and her soul was still sorely shaken by the consequences involved in her conversion, the loss of her home and her father's love. She needed time to recover, to re-adjust her life to its new conditions. This new hope which was dawning upon her was still a stranger, it was too soon to admit it into

her heart. Once she stumbled and he caught her in his arms, but she disengaged herself quickly and he was baffled but not discouraged. After all, he told himself, there was the long drive home before him. She should not elude him, he would speak before the day was done.

AT last they returned to the others and Anne sat down to rest beside her cousin while Devlin and Mexborough went off to inspect other parts of the ruins.

"What a heavenly day!" exclaimed Anne. "And what a glorious view!"

She got up in order to see better. They were on a little platform protected by a low wall from

## To The Sacred Heart

JAMES W. GIBBONS

Dear Sacred Heart I come to Thee,

And Lo! I dare to pray,

A little place be held for me

That I may know some day

The glory of eternal love,

A union ne'er to part,

A home with Thee in realms above,

O LOVING Sacred Heart!

Dear Sacred Heart so kind and true,

Be merciful to me;

And grant that when this life is through,

I dwell in peace with Thee.

For me the Precious Blood was shed,

Thy side was torn apart,

That I may live though I be dead,

O tender Sacred Heart!

the sheer edge of the abyss, and Anne went and leant against it.

"Anne," cried Marjory, "come away from that wall. I am sure it is not safe. There are cracks in it already."

As she spoke Anne to her horror felt the wall giving way and a great mass of masonry detached itself from the rest and fell crashing into the abyss. She could not save herself, she had not time to step back, but dropped—to be caught by a stone jutting out like a buttress from the building. Her dress was a strong one and held, and she clung with both hands to the stone, not daring to look down for she knew that her head would not stand it. All sorts of thoughts flashed through her mind as she hung in mid-air: of her father in the Cornish parsonage and of what his feelings would be when he heard of the death of his only child, unreconciled and unforgiven; of Devlin—she wished now she had let him speak—of Marjory, poor soul! and the shock it would be to her. Thank God she was a Catholic at least and had no fear of the next world! It was only the violent death that she shrank from. She wondered how long her grasp would hold and whether she would feel the dull thud on the stones below. Perhaps she would be only maimed, not killed. She shuddered at the thought. Better, far better to be killed outright than to creep through life on a broken wing. Still God knew best and she resigned herself to death or life as it pleased Him.

Marjory was screaming loudly for help and the two men came rushing back. Anne heard a shout from above.

"Hold on, Miss Trelawney. Don't be frightened. I'll have you up in no time."

It was Mexborough's voice, cheering and comforting, and the hope of rescue brought new strength to her grasp. He laid himself on the ground, face downwards, and instructed Devlin to sit on his legs.

"Put your hands into mine," he told her. "First one, then the other."

It required a great effort of faith to loose her hold, but it was her only chance and she obeyed. She felt his hands close over hers—such strong hands, though gentle, as strength so often is—and the next moment she was drawn up, swung round and landed, breathless, giddy but safe on the solid ground. Devlin, deadly pale, was leaning against the castle wall and Marjory was crying in a corner.

**F**OR the first time in her life Anne Trelawney knew what fear meant. Never again would she accord that kindly tolerance to others which had hitherto been her attitude towards fearful and timid souls. Her lips were white and her limbs trembled under her as she held out her hand to Mexborough and thanked him in broken words for having saved her. Devlin made a step forward, then drew back. It was Mexborough, not he, who guided her down the steep path and praised her courage.

"It is alright, Miss Trelawney," he said encouragingly. "You feel the reaction now, and no wonder. It was a nasty experience, but people run these risks every day for a movie."

"I will go and fetch the car," said Devlin and started ahead.

He returned with it presently and they got in, the two girls inside and the men in front. Anne leant back and closed her eyes; her wrists ached with the severe strain, her whole body felt bruised and broken, but there was more than this behind. Devlin had not spoken to her, had not even congratulated her on her escape. What did it mean? Had she made a mistake in thinking that he cared for her? It seemed impossible when she remembered his looks and words that afternoon and yet what else could she believe? Common politeness demanded that he should say something; he was her host and responsible in some measure for her safety since he had brought her to the place where she had so nearly lost her life. Was it jealousy? Was he vexed because she owed her safety to Mexborough and not to him? Surely not; he knew very well that she had no feeling for his friend beyond esteem and liking. Marjory's hand stole into hers and she returned the tender pressure, but she did not speak. Her cousin respected her silence which seemed to her only natural; she herself was shaken and unnerved, for her fright had been very great. What a mercy Mexborough had been there!

**T**HEY reached the hotel and Anne got out without seeming to see Devlin's hand outstretched to help her.

"Marjory," she said, "I want to go round to the Holy Man's house. I shall not be long."

"But are you fit to, Anne?" asked Marjory anxiously. "Shall I come with you?"

"No, dear, uncle Richard would not like it."

"May I, Miss Trelawney?" asked Devlin.

She looked at him. What did this mean? Then she remembered that he was a Catholic, which she had forgotten for the moment.

"Thank you," she said, and they set out in silence.

"You are going to give thanks for your escape," he said at last.

"Yes," she answered.

"In that at least I may join you, for if ever a man had cause for thankfulness too deep for words it is I. Do you know what I felt today when you hung over the abyss and I could not reach you? When Charlie saved your life before my eyes and I stood by? I almost hated him; I would have given all my money for his strength. I would have risked my life a thousand times to save you, but I was helpless. And you, what did you think of me? A poor weakling who stood on one side and let another man save the woman he loved!"

"Oh, no! no! no!" cried Anne, overborne by the passion with which he spoke, and bursting

into tears. "How could you think such a thing!"

"You turned away from me. You would not speak to me."

"It was you, I thought, who would not speak to me," she faltered.

"Because I did not dare. Anne—what a perfect little name it is! It is like yourself, there is nothing to add to it and nothing to take away. Again and again today I tried to speak to you but you would not

let me. I would have spoken though in spite of you except for this. Love does not count by days and months but by the striking hours, the hours which decide our lives, and this is one. Anne, do you love me?"

They had reached the Holy Man's house: she turned to him, her eyes shining through her tears.

"Shall we go in and ask a blessing?" she whispered, and, baring his head, he followed her.

## Deepest Depth

PLACIDUS M. ENDLER

"Then shall He say: I know you not."

Than this there is no sadder lot,  
To be by Love Itself forgot!

## Weariness and Constancy

**W**EARINESS is accountable for much of our inefficiency. The manner in which a man resists weariness, whatever the cause of it, and carries on, marks him as a man of character before the world, and as a man of virtue before God. Worldlings are wiser and more energetic in striving for temporal gain and advantages than are professed Christians in their spiritual endeavors.

Many instances are known of stupendous labors wrought in spite of chronic infirmities and well-nigh insurmountable obstacles. Real heroism is revealed in a letter written by Robert Louis Stevenson a year before his death:

"For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health. I have awakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by cough-

ing, written when my head swam from weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now—have been rightly speaking—since first I came to the Pacific; and still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on,—ill or well is a trifle—so it goes. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpeting and the open air over my head."

The cure for weariness is not to be found in any quack medicine, or in any physical culture regime, or in any New Thought vagary. It is to be found in keeping constantly before us a high ideal of life. The world would regard as a fanatic one who would do for his soul half as much as Stevenson did to gain a literary crown.

# Standardization in the Moral World

MARK MOESLEIN, C. P.

**S**TANDARDIZATION is the obsession of the twentieth century. Over the South is a far-reaching movement to standardize the staple of cotton. Elsewhere the same is being done for other products of the soil. Labor is being standardized, and so is business. So much is being written and spoken about standardization that even children grasp more or less definitely what the big word means; that it denotes something better than has been hitherto attained.

Standardization is not a new vision of life and its opportunities. It is as old as the human family; for the great tempter used it to the wretched harm of the race: "Ye shall be as gods." Thus he provoked Eve to long for what appealed to her as better than what she had. The abject submission to the exactions of fashion is an ever-present manifestation of the imperious lure for conforming to what has been set as a standard. Fashion enforces conditions of slavery from which few men and fewer women have the courage to break away. Hence, standardization may be either for the ruin or for the uplift of mankind. The accepted standard determines whether or not the vision is for woe or weal.

Standardization is a natural impulse. From the wild boy whose aim is to make his gang the toughest in town to the model citizen or saint, every one strives to standardize himself, his conduct and his accomplishments. Though we glory in liberty, every one of us is a slave to a master of his own choosing. This master is the elected standard or purpose of life. No master's rule is so despotic as our subconscious impulse to live according to standards. One may have a variety of aims; but among them will be one which dominates all others. This is the actual standard. The others are only means to its attainment. "No man can serve two masters."

What is written of life generally, is in an especial manner true of its moral, spiritual and religious phases. Men will be moral or immoral, spiritual or animal, religious or materialistic, as is their dominating standard. One's needs and modes of life are so changeable that one may be dominated successively by divers standards in a comparatively short time. Such is the sad experience of many. Few are uniformly moral, spiritual and religious for long periods. The majority walk the easy road of repeated moral lapses.

**T**HE chief standards are two: one spiritual and the other carnal; one heavenly and the other earthly; one divine and the other materialistic. God inspires the first term of each of these couplets; but the second, is the work of Satan. One lifts men up to God, making them akin to the angels; the other lowers men, making them akin

to the beasts. The Bible differentiates the followers of these two standards as "the sons of God," and the offspring "of the daughters of men." The Savior classifies them as the servants of God, and the servants of Mammon.

The very soul of the divine standard is the acceptance and carrying out of God's plans for the betterment of mankind. The nature of Satan's standard is self-gratification.

Hence, the divine standard of living is one for all men; yet by reason of its sublimity, it is suitable for the endless variety of abilities and conditions of men in all walks of society and in all ages. The march of those who follow it, is always heavenward, to higher levels of moral, spiritual and religious excellence, even unto God Himself, transforming them into the children of God.

Not so with the Tempter's standards. They are as manifold as the classes of men. Every one fashions standards to suit his fancy. All of which lead away from God and debase the individual and the race. Our age, so remarkable for standard making for the uplift of mankind, is palpable evidence thereof. In national life, we have the unrest which drives people into the indescribable horrors of Sovietism. In the field of labor and business, the selfishness and greed of industrialism, commercialism and capitalism grind mankind between the upper and lower mill-stones of the materialistic interpretation of life. In individual life, the lust for sensuous ease and pleasure carries men and women and children along with the irresistible force of mountain torrents. At every stage of the progress of the followers of earthly standards, may be repeated the words of the Prophet Osee, speaking of the carnal-minded Israelites: they "become abominable, as those things were which they loved."

Since there is no escaping the impulse to live by standards it is of vital interest to us to study the divine standardization which is for our weal, lest we be engulfed in the woe to which earthly standards inevitably lead.

**G**OD in His mercy gave us a Standard-Bearer Who is a visible, tangible model of the divine standard of life in action; pointing to Jesus of Nazareth, He calls on us to live as the lowly Nazarene, every one according to his ability and the conditions of his life.

In Jesus Christ we have the union of the human and the divine; for He is both God and Man. In all things, only sin and human personality excepted, a man such as we are. It was most fitting that He should unite in Himself the human and the divine and thus be the living link uniting God and the human race. A mere man could hardly hold us any more than other great and good men do. God



alone is so far above us that it is difficult for us to keep in close touch with Him. But the Son of God, incarnate in our nature, brings God close to us.

That we might see Him and, as it were, 'handle' Him, it is marvellous how Jesus took to Himself the lowliness of our lot. From Bethlehem to Calvary, He submitted to the galling hardships of our life, not even temptation excepted. Frequently flashes of His divinity revealed that He is immensely more than man; but the normal course of His life is that of poverty, hardships and persecution unto death. It was a most fitting arrangement.

Whilst faith goads us on to yearn and strive for the spiritual grandeur of character which association with God produces, hardships of all kinds make it most difficult to reach Him Who alone can make us truly great. Our Standard-Bearer showed forth in Himself, the pattern which we must copy; but He did it in the midst of the most human trials.

Hence, it is not at all startling to witness how much the remembrance and veneration of the lowliness of Jesus are interwoven into the religious life of Catholics. Wherever one turns in our churches there are reminders of His humility. The Stations on the walls tell the sad story of His painful journey to Calvary. The Crucifix on the altars is a constant memorial of His death. His real Presence in the Eucharist is a permanent exhibition of His abasement. All these bring home to devout believers that His debasement elevates us, His wounds heal us, His death is our entrance into life.

SO too is the worship of Catholics most intimately associated with the remembrance of the self-sacrificing life of Jesus. There are weeks of preparation for honoring the recurrence of His birthday. The Christmas festivities are celebrated about a miniature stable with its manger-cradle. The weeks that follow are spent with Him in the obscurity of His hidden life at Nazareth. Then His forty days of fast and temptation in the wilderness are brought home to earnest souls by the devotional and penitential exercises of Lent. The mournful services of Holy Week

recall the details of His Passion. During the forty days following the Resurrection, there is an air of suppressed triumphant joy. The Summer and Autumn months, between Pentecost and Advent, are rich in remembrance of His wanderings, His association with the poor, the ignorant, the afflicted—benefitting all, teaching all the sublime doctrines and ennobling precepts of the new life of the children of God.

The same remembrance and veneration of the lowliness of Jesus are in evidence in the homes of Catholics and in the personal life of even careless members of the Church. Pictures of Him adorn the walls. The crucifix is prominently placed. Many men, women and children carry about with them pocket crucifixes. From childhood until death, they never tire of making the Sign of the Cross.

But throughout His life, frequent lightning flashes reveal His divinity. At Bethlehem, angel choirs proclaim the glad tidings of His birth. The mysterious star guides the Magi. As a mere boy of twelve, He astounds the wise and learned by the astuteness of His questions and answers. On the banks of the Jordan, the Holy Spirit rests on Him in visible form and the Eternal God proclaims Him to be His well-beloved Son. In the desert, angels minister to Him. At Cana, a word changes water into wine. A mere touch gives sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, and life to the dead. On Tabor, the splendors of His transfiguration bespeak His Godhead. At His death, the sun is darkened, the earth quakes, the dead arise. Then, His Resurrection. Forty days later, He fulfills His prophecy and ascends into heaven.

IT was most fitting that the lowliness of His humanity should be thus relieved by the majesty of His divinity. It is also most fitting that in our remembrance and worship of Him, Jesus should stand forth as one who truly bore our infirmities, but bearing them as one sustained by the power of the indwelling divinity. It was most fitting that the divinely-appointed model of the new life, should come down to the level of our life;

## Salve Regina

BERNARD D. WARD

Thou art my Queen!  
I dare to call Thee so,  
Love conquers my timidity,  
I'd have Thee know,  
Oh Mother Mary, Virgin blest.  
My soul can find no peace, no rest,  
Unless it be that Thou shalt deign  
To make my heart Thy throne and reign,  
For then I know that come what may,  
Naught can harm me on my way  
Thro' Life, until, its mission done,  
Thou wilt lead me to Thy Son,  
The King of Kings, and then I ween,  
Truly Thou wilt be my Queen.

and that His life should be intensely more lowly, more difficult, more self-sacrificing and more permeated by hardships of all kinds than ours; for example is inexpressibly more forceful than preaching. But His humbling Himself under the mighty hand of God must also bear the stamp of the divinity, so that His stooping to our level might have in it the power to lift us to the level of the God-Man.

This wonderful and inspiring combination of human lowliness with the majesty of the divinity in Jesus Christ, is the only standard of living which truly ennobles men. The range of His humility was and is so vast that every one can truly say: "He bore my infirmities; He left me an example how to bear my burdens and how to conquer; He strengthens me to strive for the realization of the greatest Christian ambition to which the Apostle of the Gentiles gave expression when he wrote: "With Christ I am nailed to the cross. And I live, now not I; but Christ liveth in me."

This is Christ's standardization of the life of God's adopted children. Meeting all the conditions of life in His fashion is the pledge which binds every sincere believer. Fidelity to this pledge explains why the life of Catholics is different from that of other men. The imitation of the meekness of Jesus accounts for the vast armies of saintly Catholic men, women and children. Their remembrance and worship of the divinity of Jesus in the midst of abjection convinces them that they are following in His footsteps.

WHERE life is thus standardized, the emissaries of Bolshevism rant in vain, because the followers of Jesus are swayed by other ideals. Their longing is to be like unto the God-Man and most unlike animal men whose heaven is altogether in the good things of earth. The appeals of industrialists, commercialists and capitalists are no more effective, because the imitators of Jesus remember His word and example: "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." When worldly wisdom urges retaliation for insult, calumny, injustice and persecution, remembrance of how He fared and what He enjoined, nerves them not only to forgive but even to pray for the offenders: "Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for My sake: be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven...."

Life thus standardized accounts for the multitudes of Catholic Sisters who left all in order to devote themselves to the service of the poor and aged, of the sick and diseased, of the orphan and the abandoned, yes, and of social outcasts. The example of the God-Man inspires them. In the midst of the upheavals of the ancient civilization of paganism, the much despised monks retired to dense wildernesses and took possession of swamp lands, to transform them into fertile fields and

establish new centres of a higher and better civilization to be places of refuge for the poor and oppressed. What allured them was the example of Jesus. Everywhere throughout the world, civilized and uncivilized, we are confronted by the spectacle of the most cultured class of men, the Catholic priesthood, consecrated to the service of those most in need of moral and spiritual aid. They forego the advantages their scholarship places within their reach, to labor among all classes, but more so among the lowly. The word and example of the Master: "The gospel is preached to the poor," are a compelling call to go and do likewise.

WHAT is thus briefly stated of the three more conspicuous classes of Catholics who strive to standardize their life according to the heavenly standard is no less true of that more vast army of Catholic saints, both hidden and known. They can be met by the thousands and ten thousands the world over, when they assemble to worship the glorified Jesus in the Holy Eucharist. In the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass He continues in an unbloody manner the offering of His body and blood for the good of mankind. In Holy Communion He debases Himself to the condition of food—spiritual food, it is true, but food all the same—to nourish those who receive Him and strengthen them to live of His life. Their modes of life show the results of spiritual contact with Jesus. Whilst they shun the "better than thou" air, they are different from other men. Their ideals are different, their life is standardized along different lines. Parents glory in the number of their children, at great cost providing for their little ones a Catholic education which is vastly more than mere schooling. They remember Jesus' word and blessing for children. Employers and business managers gladly accept the services of practical Catholic men and women, because they realize that the standard of Catholic honest and faithful service is higher. Among Catholic working classes there is none of the riotous world unrest, so much in evidence elsewhere; for they worship as the God-Man the Carpenter's Son and Himself a carpenter.

In the study of Catholic life, evidences accumulate that it is standardized along lines distinctively its own. They worship both in theory and daily practice the majesty of God in the lowliness of Jesus. Their remembrance and veneration of both gives tone to their mentality and motive. Hence, they are in a normal position to use the varied forms of individual life as so many stepping stones in their closer and closer approach unto God, striving ever more for their transformation from sons of the daughters of men into sons of God: "You are gods and all of you sons of the Most High." It is of the very sap of Catholic mentality, to realize that only close contact with Jesus can save men individually and collectively: "For there is no other name under heaven given to men, whereby we must be saved."

# Maria Desolata

(The Broken-Hearted Mother)

GRACE V. CHRISTMAS

THE wailing melody of the Miserere, sung at Tenebrae in the great Basilicas in Rome, has died away into silence, and the sun has set in a blaze of scarlet and gold. So far as the tourists and the majority of the residents are concerned, the functions of Good Friday are at an

Cross. And it is only in Italy that her children do her reverence with a special devotion on Good Friday.

Holy Church seems to realize that all the devotions of Holy Week should be centered directly on Jesus Crucified, and hence to make up, as it were,



AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS

end, but, here and there, in a few isolated churches and convent chapels, there is being held a short service in honor of Maria Desolata. This is the sweet names given by the Italians to the Blessed Virgin standing broken-hearted at the foot of the

for any apparent neglect of His Sorrowful Mother she sets aside the third Sunday of September as the feast of the Seven Sorrows. It is this feast that brings before us the Blessed Virgin's desolation.

Let us think of that desolation. Let us try for a

moment to see with Mary's eyes, to feel with her heart, to realize, even faintly, what the evening of Good Friday must have been like to her. She, who was fashioned by God for one particular purpose, must surely have been endowed with a nature keenly attuned to joy and grief; and as her purity exceeded that of any other human being, it is certain that her capacity for intense suffering out-measured that of others. There are thousands of desolate mothers throughout the world at the present time, but not one of them has ever fathomed, as Mary has, the very depths of human suffering.

After the strain of those awful hours on Mt. Calvary there fell on the soul of that stricken Mother an aching sense of desolation, and in her heart there rang the echo of her dying Son's utter dereliction: "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me." To lose one we love by death, or by the still more cruel separation of misunderstanding, seems to us the acme of human woe; but our feelings in this respect are but as a breeze rippling upon the waters of a shallow stream compared with the storm of grief which overwhelmed our Mother when her tortured Son died before her very eyes.

**A**ND yet, when all was over, we may be sure that in the midst of her anguish it was she who consoled and comforted the less intense grief of the disciples and holy women who had witnessed the great tragedy. St. John, he who of all the twelve most closely resembled His Divine Master, has summed up the attitude of Mary during

the Sacred Passion in one significant word: "There stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother." Not with the prone abandonment of St. Mary Magdalen, but with the calm and dignity that befitted the Mother of the King.

Mary stood beside the Cross, an example and object lesson to all generations, teaching them how to endure. That is how she would have us take our trials—*standing*. We are to battle with the ever-encroaching waves as they rise to engulf us; we are to struggle unceasingly to carry our cross in resignation and in a spirit worthy of reward.

There are many different ways of bearing sorrow. Sometimes it hardens and embitters the entire nature, so much so that with some resentment the idea of "hitting back," we rebel against Him Who has imposed the cross upon our shoulders, and deliberately neglect the service of Him Who has afflicted us. Sometimes we may lie down beneath the cross and render life a burden to ourselves and others either by constant complaints or the moroseness of our silence. Again, we may, if we wish to follow, as far as our sinful limitations will permit, in Mary's footsteps. We thus submit to our trials because it is the will of God that we should patiently bear them. We refuse to be beaten by them. We strain our eyes for that gleam of silver that lines the darkest cloud. We are thus purified and strengthened through sufferings. We thus stand with the Broken-hearted Mother at the foot of the Cross.

## A Quaint Sermon

**F**OR many non-Catholics there is a remarkable attraction in stories from the lives of St. Francis of Assisi and his lovable companions. Under the title "A Quaint Sermon" THE YOUTH'S COMPANION tells its large Puritan audience that in one of the great Italian cathedrals a noted Friar of the Order of Franciscans, then newly founded, was preaching. A great concourse of people filled the building, and twilight deepened the heavy shadows of the dimly lit and heavily arched chancel and nave. The friar preached almost in darkness.

His theme was God's Love to Men and Their Response. With the passionate eloquence of the period, he pictured God's mighty act of creation, the wonder of His gift of life to men and the beauty of the earth. But more especially he dwelt upon the gift of the Only-Begotten Son—the matchless beauty of Christ's life among men—the glorious redemption offered in Him to all who would repent and believe. The friar's earnestness deeply impressed the people, and a solemn stillness hung

over the vast assembly. The darkness by this time had deepened still further, and the congregation could only just perceive the outline of the friar's dark-robed figure.

"Now," he continued, "let us consider how mankind has responded to the divine goodness and mercy."

With those words he left the pulpit and passed slowly to the altar. From among its many candles he chose one and lighted it. The one gleam of pure light shone upon a great crucifix hung above the altar. Slowly and solemnly and without a word, the breathless stillness of that vast throng, the friar raised the candle until it lit up first one woman, then another, in the feet, the hands, the side, and finally the sacred head of the Crucified.

There the light lingered a moment, and the hush deepened upon the awe-struck congregation. Then he blew out the light and sat down. The sermon was over. The stillness was broken only by audible sobs.



# Archconfraternity of



# the Sacred Passion

## Condition of Membership

**C**ONDITIONS for membership in the Archconfraternity of the Passion are as simple as they are few. Everyone can do something in the apostleship of the Cross, and uniting their efforts to this society may receive many rich blessings, which the Church has granted to its members. How often a beautiful flower escapes attention, but when placed with others in a bouquet or to form a design, it seems to attract the notice at once and to win some praise from all beholders.

Thus it is in the Archconfraternity, where "two or three are gathered together in the name of Jesus crucified," their prayers and works are more pleasing to God and greater favors are obtained for souls. This society grows in numbers day by day. Its members are convinced it is worth while, and acknowledge that the conditions for membership are neither numerous nor difficult.

Are not some preliminary steps necessary and advantageous? Every society has a definite purpose and a determined means of accomplishing it. A particular service then is expected from the members, who must first qualify, or prove they are able to render it. Hence, some conditions are placed by every society before anyone can be admitted to membership.

Again, the success of an organization depends on its members. Their interest obliges them to uphold its standard, to accept its rules, to set forth its excellence and advantages, to profit by its privileges and benefits, that working together they may easily and successfully attain the end of the society. Certain requirements therefore are demanded of those seeking admission, in order to protect the organization from unsuitable or unworthy members; and as much as such conditions for membership are insisted upon and observed, the society will stand in high esteem and will succeed in the fulfillment of its purpose.

The Archconfraternity of the Passion admits only practical Catholics. They may claim all the rights and blessings of membership on the following conditions: 1, if their names are recorded on the register of the Archconfraternity; 2, if they have been approved and accepted by the Director; 3, if they have been invested in the Black Scapular of the Passion.

**E**NROLLMENT then is the first and an essential condition for membership in the Archconfraternity of the Passion. To join this society, one should give or send one's name to the Director,

at the same time expressing the desire to belong to the Archconfraternity. The Director may know some very good people, and would like to extend to them the advantages of the Archconfraternity, but he is obliged to wait until they have given their names for admission to membership. Some also may have received the Black Scapular of the Passion, but they do not enjoy the privileges of the Archconfraternity until their names are recorded on its register. So this first condition of enrollment is really the most important.

This condition however places the Archconfraternity within the reach of many, who could not otherwise share in it. The people, who are doing so much for God's honor and glory and the salvation of souls by their fervent prayers and patient suffering, who have to labor all the day long and at the same time perhaps bear some heavy cross of sorrow, the poor, the afflicted, the invalid, the aged, those unable to leave their homes or who live at some distance, all should welcome this opportunity of honoring Jesus Crucified and spreading devotion to His Sufferings by sending their names to the Director of the Archconfraternity to be accepted and enrolled as members.

There are many also, who practice some devotion to the Passion every day or frequently. They should hasten to add their names to the Archconfraternity, that the devout remembrance of Our Lord's Passion may not only bring life and grace to themselves, but may also be an effective means of saving and sanctifying many souls. All who can therefore should be enrolled in the Archconfraternity of the Passion. For what consolation, happiness, reward, must await the departing soul, who during life has been numbered among the missionaries of Christ Crucified!

Application for membership in the Archconfraternity means in the first place to give one's name to the Director to be registered. The second condition implies the approval and acceptance of the member by the Director. In the past years this approbation was granted only after a month, or a year, or some period of time had elapsed, but now it is usually given as soon as the name is received.

**T**HE well being and success of the Archconfraternity depends on the Director. While it is his duty to secure as many good members as possible, he may be obliged at times to refuse membership to the unworthy, or those unable to partake of the benefits of the society. He must exclude Catholics who are negligent in attending

Mass on Sundays and very seldom approach the Holy Sacraments, or give scandal by evil example. Non-Catholics, of course, are not eligible for membership. But the Director will gladly accept the names of all, who desire the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ Crucified and hope to obtain eternal life through the merits of His Passion and Death.

When the Director records a name on the register of the Archconfraternity, a certificate of membership is issued as a token of his approval and acceptance. In some places, a manual containing information about the Archconfraternity and devotions in honor of the Passion of Our Lord is given to new members. If any member should unfortunately prove undeserving of the honors and graces of the Archconfraternity, the Director may erase his name from the register, thus depriving that person of membership. This happens very rarely, if at all, because the thought of Christ's sufferings keeps one safely in the right way and more frequently than any other motive inspires generous self sacrifice and every virtue. For members of the Archconfraternity especially, the Passion of Our Lord is their guide, their protection, their strength, and their daily reward.

Now as nearly all societies have a formal initiation of new members, so the Archconfraternity of the Passion regards the reception of the scapular as the final step to full membership in the society. This scapular is a small piece of black cloth, with the badge fastened to it, as seen in the religious habit of the Passionists. It denotes affiliation to the missionary Order founded by St. Paul of the Cross to preach Christ Crucified and promote devotion to the Passion. Many blessings and indulgences have been granted by the Church for wearing this scapular. St. Paul of the Cross calls it "the sign of salvation;" and in truth it brings salvation to those who strive to be worthy of it.

**N**EW members usually receive the Black Scapular of the Passion at a regular meeting of the Archconfraternity. Kneeling before the Director, or the priest who is blessing the Scapular, the solemn prayer is read, which recalls the principal sufferings of our Divine Savior. The Scapulars are blessed, and then as the priest places it on the shoulder of each one, he says: "May the Lord clothe thee with the New Man, that through this mournful and sacred sign of penance, thou mayest always look upon Jesus, Whom the hands of impious men have crucified, and mourn for Him, as one mourneth for an only son. Amen."

When all the new members have been invested with the Scapular, the priest adds: "And I, by the faculty granted to me, receive you to a participation of all the spiritual advantages, which by virtue of Apostolic privilege, are enjoyed by the Congregation of the Most Holy Cross and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." The ceremony

is finished with the words: "May the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ be always in our hearts. Amen."

Such are the few conditions required for admission to the Archconfraternity of the Passion: enrollment on the register, acceptance by the Director, and reception of the Black Scapular. No admission fees have to be paid; no promises have to be made; no rules are imposed, which if omitted, imply a penalty or loss of any privileges. There are no degrees among the members, except what they themselves establish by their fidelity in practicing some devotion in honor of the Passion and their zeal in persuading others by word and example to remember the Sufferings and Death of Christ.

Our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV. endowed the Archconfraternity of the Passion with extraordinary graces and indulgences, and expressed the wish that it would bring home the lessons of Calvary to the whole world. To bring the whole world home, therefore, to the foot of the Cross, the advantages of the Archconfraternity have been made exceptionally great, while the conditions for membership are simple and few and within the power of all, who yearn to know and love Him, Who gave His life for them.

**T**HOSE who wish to join the Archconfraternity of the Passion may apply in person or by letter to the Father Rector of any Passionist Monastery where the Archconfraternity is canonically established. Apply to the monastery nearest your residence.

ST. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY  
West Hoboken, New Jersey

ST. JOSEPH'S MONASTERY  
3800 Frederick Ave.  
Baltimore, Maryland

ST. GABRIEL'S MONASTERY  
159 Washington St.  
Brighton, Mass.

ST. ANN'S MONASTERY  
Scranton, Pa.

ST. PAUL'S MONASTERY  
Carson Station  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

ST. MARY'S MONASTERY  
Dunkirk, N. Y.

SACRED HEART RETREAT  
Newburg Road  
Louisville, Ky.

PASSIONIST PREPARATORY COLLEGE  
Normandy, Mo.

# What Do You Know About

## Conditions for a Valid Marriage?

NO one can exaggerate the importance of matrimony. We can readily see its importance to those who have already been married and to those also who contemplate getting married.

As the family is the unit of society, whatever concerns the family must be of paramount importance to the State. Hence the State has made laws in regard to marriage.

As matrimony is a sacrament on which the Church depends for her natural increase, she also makes laws in regard to marriage.

Both the State and the Church have the right to legislate in this matter. The State has the right to legislate only in those things which result from matrimony as a *civil contract*. But the Church has the *exclusive* right to legislate in those things which pertain to marriage as a *sacrament*.

The State has no more right to legislate concerning matrimony as a sacrament than it has to legislate about any other sacrament, as, for example, baptism.

It is very pitiable to see religious organizations abdicating whatever spiritual power they may have hitherto claimed and relying exclusively on the State to tell them who can and who cannot be married.

The Catholic Church has never relinquished her right, as she cannot evade her duty, to safeguard the sanctity of marriage. Hence she teaches us the laws of God in regard to marriage, and she herself has made laws which her experience has taught her will be helpful to the observance of the laws of God concerning this sacrament.

The Church can never dispense with the *law of God in any matter*.

In certain circumstances and for just reasons she can and does dispense from laws which she herself has made.

There are some laws of marriage with which the average Catholic should be acquainted.

1. Marriage must be contracted in the presence of the parish priest of one of the contracting parties—usually the bride's—and two witnesses. The bishop of the place can also perform the ceremony; or any priest appointed by him or by the parish priest.

2. If a Catholic attempts marriage with a non-Catholic or a Catholic before a civil magistrate or a Non-Catholic clergyman, such a one is not married. This law went into effect April 19, 1908. It is not retroactive; that is, it does not effect those marriages which took place prior to that date. Non-Catholics may be validly married before a minister or magistrate.

3. A boy cannot be lawfully married before he has reached his sixteenth birthday; a girl must have attained her fourteenth birthday.

4. One who has been validly married and whose partner is still living cannot be married again. In the case of unbaptized persons there is an excep-

tion which does not immediately concern us.

5. Marriage contracted between a baptized Catholic and one who has never been baptized is invalid unless they get a dispensation from the bishop.

6. Marriage between a man and a woman whom he has *forcibly compelled* to marry him is no marriage.

7. There can be no marriage between such as have violated the sanctity of marriage by the sin of adultery with the promise to marry or with an attempted marriage.

8. There can be no marriage between those who have committed adultery, and then murdered their lawful spouses.

9. No marriage can be contracted between parties who by mutual consent have done away with the spouse of either.

10. Marriage between blood relatives in the *direct* line (such as grandfather, daughter and grand daughter) are always invalid. Marriage between brother and sister can never be valid. Marriage between first and second cousins are invalid without a very special dispensation.

11. Marriage between a man and his dead wife's sister, or his dead wife's niece, is invalid without a dispensation, given only in rare cases.

12. Step-brothers and step-sisters may be validly married.

13. There can be no marriage between the person who baptizes and the one baptized; nor between god-parent and god-child.

14. There is no valid marriage when the contract has been entered into through a substantial error. A false name, or a bad habit unknown to the partner, would not invalidate the marriage.

15. A valid marriage must be contracted *freely*. Marriage entered into through grave fear or force unjustly brought to bear on either of the parties is invalid.

These are among the most important of the conditions which the Church for the safeguarding of this great sacrament has laid down, and which embody both natural and divine laws.

These laws should commend themselves to every right-minded Christian who regards holy matrimony as something more than a mere commercial contract. A study of them will prove the practical wisdom of the Catholic Church, and will show that in this, as in all her other legislation, the purpose aimed at is not to make life and salvation harder, but rather to aid her children while she upholds the rights of God.

The observance of these laws will prevent many unhappy marriages. It is to be hoped that those who are seriously thinking of marriage will remember that there is a third party to every marriage. He is the Great God. His will is made known to us through the voice of His Church.



## Index to Worthwhile Reading

**The Morality of the Strike.** By Donald McLean. New York: P. J. Kennedy & Sons. Price \$1.75.

The Public may well be grateful to Father McLean for the guidance he offers in passing judgment upon the acutest problem in present-day Industrialism—the Strike. When we are informed that there has been an average of ten strikes a day in the United States during the past few years, we can no longer doubt the presence of industrial warfare. Evidently Labor considers the strike a necessary expedient since such frequent recourse is had to it. The author tests out every phase of the actual workings of the strike, using as his norm the changeless moral principles of the Catholic Church. He proves himself a skilled moralist in the convincing and satisfying decisions which he renders. On laying down the book, the phrase quoted from Father Slater lingers in the mind: "Suppressed Catholicism." If Capital and Labor are ever to reach a just agreement it will be only when they both accept the principles laid down by Leo XIII.

**The Soul Of Ireland.** By W. J. Lockington, S. J. New York: Macmillan Co. Price \$1.50.

In the spell that "the Soul of Ireland" casts, one finds oneself thinking of Ireland as of the glories of the temple of God. Here we have the history of the living stones which go to make of Erin a New Jerusalem. What manner of people, what strange land is that, in which the supernatural reigns supreme? The question finds an answer in the authentic history of Ireland, as she has been and is. "The spirit of Pentecost runs full in her veins, and to this spirit is to be traced Ireland's triumph. Because of this, though old in sorrow and experience, she is young in vigor of life and supernal hope." Father Lockington, with an intimate knowledge of the soul of Ireland and with deft craftsmanship, has drawn a fascinating and, we believe, a lasting picture of Dark Rosaleen.

**Teaching the Drama and the Essay.** By Brother Leo. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss. Price 75c.

Admirers of Brother Leo will be happy to hear of the publication of another volume of his essays, and teachers of English in the higher grades will find this new work of very material assistance in conducting their difficult courses. Because of Brother Leo's attainments as an essayist and his long experience in the class-room, even the older teacher will be eager to discover what that practical method is which a fellow-teacher has found so successful and which has gained for him so high a standing in his profession. The secret is here revealed. Whilst, indeed, the author professes that his book "has no pretensions whatever and makes no attempt to offer a complete and articulated 'philosophy' of teaching literature" yet no teacher of English can read this book without finding his way illumined and without having a keener realization of the possibilities his subject offers for moulding the minds and hearts of his pupils. The author, in common with James Fernald and Father Donnelly, believes that the road to literary achievement though arduous, is broad and free; that the narrow path, hedged in by despotic rhetoricians, inevitably leads to failure.

**The Circus and Other Essays.** By Joyce Kilmer. New York: George H. Doran Co. Price \$2.50.

"A dangerous test of a poet's genius is to be found in his attitude towards the simplest and smallest things. It is for this reason that any poet of talent may safely write about a mountain, or a waterfall, or a sunset, but only a very great poet should ever write about children." Joyce Kilmer has courted more danger, according to the standard set by himself in the above words, taken from the present volume, than most writers we know of who

have done any serious work in verse or prose. Since it is difficult to sever our love for his beautiful sonnets from our admiration for his writings, his growing popularity—a proof of his literary worth—is noted with satisfaction. His appeal consists in a genius for the commonplace. We have "Main Street," "Delicatessen," "Roots," "Pennies," and, best, "Trees." In this reprint we have in prose much of the same quality. The subway is "The Great Nickle Adventure;" the elevated railroad is "An Aerial Journeying;" his alarm clock is "The Urban Chanticleer."

Mr. Holliday has performed another loving service for the memory of his friend by adding this to his two previously edited volumes.

**Efficiency in the Spiritual Life.** By Sister M. Cecilia. New York and Cincinnati: F. Pustet & Co. Price \$1.50.

The children of the Church are ever drawing from her treasury new things and old. "Efficiency," as applied to the conduct of the world's business, is now used in an absolute sense. Business methods have been reduced to a science. Among the incentives to greater zeal in the pursuit of holiness is the spectacle of the wisdom of the children of this world who, by the detailed organization of commercial enterprises, show themselves wiser in their generation than the children of light. Since the word 'business' can be applied to the seeking after either temporal or eternal goods, why can there not be a similarity in method? The author maintains that there can and should be. Such is the theme of this book. So skillfully are parallels and applications handled, that the book can be regarded as a valuable essay on the spiritual life. Lay persons as well as religious will find much wholesome counsel within its pages.

**The Hound of Heaven: An Interpretation.** By Rev. Francis P. LeBuffe, S. J. New York: Macmillan Co. Price \$1.25.

Father LeBuffe adds to the literature of The Hound of Heaven a scriptural and ascetical interpretation. Though it is not the purpose of the author to treat of the literary merits of the poem, his notes incidentally show the splendor of Thompson's writing. The illustrations from scripture are copious. The illustrations from the master writers of the world—and from these Father LeBuffe seems to have been gathering for a life-time materials for this work—clarify the poet's text, and, besides, give us a more vivid sense of the real greatness of these masterful exponents of human emotions. This book will help also to a new appreciation of certain portions of Holy Scripture. The author attains his main purpose, as the reader will readily agree, by proving that 'The Hound of Heaven' reads "each human heart for its own self and makes plain to it the meaning of those ceaseless cravings which, if misconstrued, torture our hearts...."

**Considerations on Eternity.** By the Rev. Jeremiah Drexilius, S. J. Translated by Sister Marie Jose Byrne, edited by Rev. Ferdinand E. Bogner. New York: F. Pustet Co. Price \$1.50.

We have here resurrected a book which was a widely-read classic in its day. The intervening centuries between the seventeenth and our own have been the poorest in not having access to Drexilius' 'Considerations.' To ponder upon the eternal truths is the only way in which we can bring them home to ourselves. It is the purpose of this book to make these truths an active influence in our work-a-day lives. In the plain and forceful manner common to all the great writers on the spiritual life Drexilius succeeds in making the all-important issues of eternity concrete, living realities. Sister Jose has rendered a very readable translation; and Father Bogner has further indebted the public by editing this worthy companion to the 'Heliotropium.'



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